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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

VOLUME XXXVI.—NO. 25. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877. WHOLE NUMBER 1847.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING,"

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(Opposite the New Post Office,)

BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES, Proprietor and Publisher

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Editorial.

BUYING FERTILIZERS.

The law regulating the sale of fertilizers in this State was designed for the benefit of farmers, and to afford them a reasonable protection against fraud and imposition. It is a good law and has worked well but it would work still better if farmers would all do their part and refuse positively and all the time to buy or have anything to do with any fertilizer that is manufactured or sold in this State without a license, and the farmer should in every case enquire into it and satisfy himself that the article is legally sold.

In case the manufacturer lives out of the State, no one has a right to sell his fertilizer without a license, unless the manufacturer has complied with the laws of Massachusetts and has taken out a license. The seller must procure and pay for the license if the manufacturer has not done so, and there is no safety, and no security in dealing with any party, no matter who he is, who is thus deliberately violating the law. This law is reasonable and just. It has revolutionized the business of making and selling and using commercial fertilizers and opens the *way to the highest development* of our agricultural resources, but it must have the support and the compliance of farmers to make it the most effective.

No farmer can afford to buy carelessly and without knowing what he is getting, and it requires but very little trouble to ascertain whether the article purchased is legally sold or not. Every honest dealer will take good care to have the evidence of the legality of the sale at hand, and no honest dealer will refuse for a moment to show it, either in the form of a license to himself to sell the particular article in which he deals, or the license of the manufacturer whose agent he is. We do not believe there is a pound of Wilson's Superphosphate, or the Cumberland Superphosphate, or the fertilizer made by Lister, of New Jersey that is legally sold, for we have reason to suppose the parties making those fertilizers have neglected to comply with our laws. They all live out of the State, to be sure, and they are not compelled to comply, but on the other hand, no dealer in the State can honestly sell a pound of either of those articles, unless he has taken out a special license for himself to sell it, as long as the principals neglect or refuse to procure the license.

We do not pretend to know of any party who is selling any of these particular fertilizers and we simply mention them to show that if they are sold at all in Massachusetts such sale is contrary to law, and every farmer should be on his guard and not take the responsibility of buying, and becoming a party to an illegal sale. When we have a law that will for the future afford ample protection, it is the duty of every farmer to avail himself of it and to insist that every manufacturer and every dealer shall honestly comply with it.

Most, if not all, the larger manufacturers of this State have cheerfully and honestly complied with the law, and they have a right to demand that manufacturers out of the State, or their agents or dealers in it, should do the same. We live under a government of laws and it is the part of every good citizen to comply with them, and to refuse to deal with any who may be deliberately violating them. We hope, therefore, every farmer will take care to see, in every case, that the article he buys is made and sold legally, and that he will refuse to buy any fertilizer that is not so made and sold.

THE "MAIN" GRAPE.

A correspondent of the *Ploughman* desires information in regard to the "*Main*" grape, better known as the Concord. Well, Mr. Bull is the highest authority on that, though Dr. Fisher of Fitchburg has perhaps made as much money on it as anybody. When the attempt was made to introduce the Concord under the name of the "Main," most people thought it was a gross and international fraud, but some were charitable enough to suggest that Mr. "Main" did not know what he was about, and that he might, possibly, have been ignorant that he was trying to palm off the well known Concord, as a grape of his own. We gave considerable space to the controversy at the time, but it is an old story and we do not care to enter into it again. The "*Main*" soon went "down among the dead men," and the Concord still retains its well deserved reputation. We do not recollect whether Mr. "Main" ever made the "*amende honorable*" by owning up squarely or not, but it is certain that he did not see fit to press his claims very far, or if he did the pretence was "too thin" to deceive anybody, and he soon became silent, thinking probably that prudence was the better part of valor. Many men agree with him in that; but they go farther and adopt the motto "Be sure you're right then go ahead!" The trouble with Mr. "Main" was that he got the cart before the horse, and tried to go ahead before he knew he was right.

These few hints will probably be sufficient, but if our correspondent desires any further account of the "Main" grape, we have abundance of material on hand and can give him the whole story, or Mr. Bull can give it better still. We will only say that if Mr. "Main" was innocent, he furnished an admirable illustration of the importance of adopting the maxim of David Crockett and sticking to it.

Questions & Answers.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman* if Plymouth Rock chickens are very tender and more liable to die when young than other breeds. Please answer and oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

North Tisbury, Mass.

In our experience with Plymouth Rock chickens we find them to be much more hardy than other breeds.

We have hundreds of chickens now running about, of ages from three days to three weeks, and in all cases we find the Plymouth Rocks to be brighter, stronger, and more rapid growing than either of the other breeds hatched with, and now running with them.

The chickens next to them in the above desirable qualities are the product of a cross between a Plymouth Rock cockerel and Brahma hens, and the next to these are the product of a cross between a Leghorn cock and Brahma hens.—[ED.

SOFT SHELLED EGGS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have some hens which eat eggs; how can I cure them? also have some that lay soft shelled eggs; what is the cause, and what is the remedy? Please answer through the *Ploughman*. Have taken your paper some time, would not be without it. J. H. B.

Nashua, N. H., March 21st, 1877.

To prevent hens eating their eggs we provide nests closed in on all sides except the back, which is open towards the darkest and most secluded part of the poultry house. Our hen's nests are as dark as they can be made, and we are never troubled in the way our correspondent is. To remedy the soft shelled eggs trouble, give the fowls less stimulating food and see that an abundance of ground bones and oyster shells are by them all the time.—[ED.

LICE ON CATTLE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Take one pound of soft soap to one gallon of water, and wash her faithfully. Keep her out of the cold. There is no more trouble.

Orleans, March 21st, 1877. T. H.

SICK HENS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have some hens which are troubled with a disease I have never seen among them before. Their legs are affected so that they cannot stand erect; they move about but little, and do so with difficulty and evident pain. Another one has its head turned to one side and upwards. Otherwise they appear to be in good health, and they eat as well as usual. Can you inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman*, of the nature of their disease and its cure? By so doing you will oblige a subscriber. F. D.

Billerica, March 6, 1877.

In the *Ploughman* for March 10th, our correspondent will find mention made of the occurrence of a similar disease, together with our views in relation to it.—[ED.

MR. SALTONSTALL'S COW.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Did you not make a mistake in the amount of milk that a cow gave in one year, owned by H. Saltonstall, which was 13,065 quarts, or 35 58-73 quarts per day; ain't that *pretty large?* I thought if you removed the 1, and transposed the balance, 3065 to 3650 it would then be 10 quarts per day per year, and that is pretty good average. I go in for all the big figures we can get, but I thought that might have got stretched a little. W. A. T.

Ashland, Mass.

The "*quarts*" should have read *pounds.*—[ED.

"BOTS."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

What is the best remedy for horses troubled with worms? My horse was troubled last season, and I thought I had got rid of them, but they have again made their appearance. Before they were only *pin* worms, now they are regular *Botts*, being about an inch long and pointed at either end. What I tried before was strong thoroughwort tea (about a pint) followed by nearly a pint of linseed oil. Previous to this, I had tried about a dozen different medicines but without effect. An answer through the columns of the *Ploughman* will much oblige a subscriber.

Yours truly, H. M.

Lowell, Mass., March 24, 1877.

The best way is probably to let them alone. They will soon pass off.—[ED.

SHEEP DISEASE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Noticing an enquiry from Maine under the above caption in the *Ploughman*, I would say to your subscriber that his sheep probable died of apoplexy. This is not a common disease, as farmers generally do not overfeed, indeed their fault lies in the other direction.

Feed less grain and more roots. If another is attacked bleed from the jugular vein and give an ounce or two of Epsom salts. W. S. T.

Togus, Me., March 24th, 1877.

PNEUMONIA.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Being a constant reader of the *Ploughman*, in which I have seen many questions asked and answered, I thought I would venture with your permission, to ask some. Last fall I bought a cow, that was, as I supposed, all right. After getting her home, I noticed that she did not eat and fill herself as did the other cows; she coughed considerable, and acted as though it was the effects of a cold. I did not do anything for her until I was satisfied that her lungs were affected; then I gave her some cough medicine; it did not seem to do any good, and about the middle of December, I called in a man that pretended to know all about cattle, and he said her left lung was badly diseased, and he would advise blistering; so I got some of Dr. Dadd's Liquid Blister, and applied as he directed, and it did no good; she continued to fail until the 20th of January, when she was killed. On opening her, her left lung was found embedded in a kind of bony substance (some of it looked like ulcers,) of which was of considerable thickness in and around the lung, and extended all over that side, and back on the call fat and intestines and upon the roots of her tongue. Her heart was much enlarged and of a pale color; the liver was much larger than is ordinarily found. Her feed was of the best English hay, and meal, shorts and roots; while eating these, she would wheeze like a person that has the asthma. I should like to know the cause and cure. I have submitted some of the substance to your inspection, so that you can better form an idea of what it is.

I remain yours, &c., C. P.

Paxton, March 18th, 1877.

This was a case of common pneumonia, probably, and the cow must have had it when she was purchased.—[ED.

Correspondence.

COLORADO POTATO BEETLE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Allow me to communicate to the readers of the *Ploughman*, a sketch of the Potato Pest, more generally known as the Colorado Potato Beetle, as I have watched both the manner and way of breeding, also, have endeavored to find the origin, and trace the history and mode of travel to the present time.

In the year 1824, it was found in Upper Missouri, from then to the year 1859, it had spread eastward and reached a point one hundred miles west of Omaha City, in Nebraska. In 1861, it invaded Iowa, gradually in the next three or four years, spreading eastward over that State. In 1864 and 1865, it crossed the Mississippi, invading Illinois, and pushing eastward at the rate of about fifty miles a year. In 1869, its presence was reported in Ohio. Early in the summer of 1874, it had made its appearance on the Atlantic seaboard, and was reported during the year from several parts of Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. Its injuries also increased in its native home. During the year 1876, the insect swarmed in most of the New England States, and especially on the seashore. It has extended north around Montreal, and was especially abundant as far as Trois Rivieres; while in its eastern progress it has overrun Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, and extended some distance into Maine. As the larva is sluggish and never leaves the plant from which it is hatched, except in quest of more food, until it is ready to pupate, all the journeys of this insect are necessarily made in the perfect or beetle state, by means of the ample rose-colored wings, which, when the insect is at rest, are compactly folded up beneath the striped wing-cases. Its spread, however, over the more populous portions of the country, is not to be attributed to its powers of flight alone. It undoubtedly avails itself, to no inconsiderable extent, of every means of transportation afforded to other travellers, and often got a lift on eastern bound trains, and most probably crossed the more barren plains bordering its native confines through man's direct agency, *i. e.*, by being carried. There is a possibility that in some instances it may have been carried in the egg state on living plants, or in the pupa state in lumps of earth; but these modes of transit, if at all, have necessarily been exceptional. Let it not be understood that this insect in its onward spread, or march, ever entirely quits any district where it has once attained a foothold. This idea of its itinerant character seems very generally to prevail, and a great many people labor under the impression that soon after its advent, this dreaded foe to the potato will of its own accord take its leave as suddenly as it came—that, like every other dog, it will have its day; it may and very generally does, prove more injurious during the first two or three years of its advent than subsequently. From careful observation, I am confident in saying, the wetter the season, the less damage is done by them.

The question that the juices of the insect on the human skin are poisonous, is, as a rule, a mistake. Yet persons with blood in bad condition, may be poisoned by getting said juices in wounds or cuts. As to the method of destroying, and getting potato fields rid of them, I am of the opinion that the process of picking and burning on a pile of brush or straw, "not scalding them," is the cheapest and surest, as in this way, you have the chance to pick off also the leaves with the eggs on at the same time. From careful observation, I have found that the female begins to lay her eggs on the under side of the leaves, as soon as the potato plants appear above ground. The eggs are oval, of a translucent dark orange color, in clusters of from ten to forty. The larvæ are hatched in less than a week, and are at first of a dark Venetian red, becoming lighter and acquiring a double row of black lateral spots as they approach maturity.

Lynnfield, Mass., March 17, 1877. F.

LOSS OF APPETITE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Having been a subscriber of the *Ploughman* for the last thirty years, and having never asked or answered a question in its columns, I take the liberty in answer to one I see often asked, to give my experience with horses and cattle for loss of appetite. Take of finely pulverized charcoal four quarts, sulphur one pound, saltpetre pulverized one-half pound; mix and give two tablespoonfuls every morning in cut feed. I would like to have your West Boylston correspondent try the above for his cows and note the result. Yours respectfully, H. H. F.

Willimantic, March 19th, 1877.

EAT APPLES AND PEARS.

It is many years since, that the father of a large family told us that he saved nearly all his former doctor's bills by keeping a barrel of apples within reach of everybody in the house, so that they could at any time help themselves to an apple if they desired it.

Pears are equally good, but as they only last a short season, not being so well fitted for preservation, the main reliance must be placed on apples, which besides being nutritious to some extent, are a most beneficial stimulant to the secretive organs, far superior to vinegar bitters, sarsaparilla, buchu, or any cathartic. We hope some day to see the "apple cure" introduced, and have no doubt that it may be as beneficial as the celebrated "grape cure" in Germany.

A writer in a cotemporary states, that after being troubled with heartburn, wakefulness, indigestion, etc., he adopted the practice of eating apples with each meal. It cured him entirely, and his weight increased in two months from 130 to 160 pounds, and he felt stronger in proportion.

It is a fact that people in general do not fully realize the blessings provided by bountiful Nature in providing fruit, and in giving to man the appetite for it and the relish of enjoying it. Unfortunately, many men pervert this natural appetite by the unnatural use of tobacco and alcohol; and when the latter stimulants are indulged in, the blunted organs do not find much relief in fruit. Drinkers of alcohol are not fruit eaters, and *vice versa*, fruit eaters are not easily seduced into the vices of indulging in the use of tobacco or alcohol. So says an exchange. We know it is more than true—are constantly receiving evidence to this effect. In these days of cheap apples, let them be eaten by all who love and can digest them.—*Herald of Health.*

The Horse.

"LADY MOSCOW."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I am fully convinced that anything of interest to agriculturists, finds a welcome place in the *Ploughman*. There has been no little inquiry among horse fanciers as to the breeding of Duke of Wellington. *The Spirit of the Times*, and the *Turf, Field and Farm* have been consulted, but even those excellently informed journals have failed to give any satisfactory information as to the breeding of his dam. There has been no diversity of opinion as to the pedigree of his sire. His dam was a flea bitten grey, 16 1-4 hands high. She was strongly muscled, with prodigious quarters, well let down at the hocks. She had a fine head, well cut under at the jowl, was very deep through the chest, and ribbed back well, having plenty of room for the play of her hind quarters. Her gait when moving moderately was a decided pace, but when quickened, became a broad, open square trot. She was entered in a race when three years old and was beaten in a little less than three minutes; she was quite sore, having been previously foundered. She was bred by Thomas Chesley, of Lee, N. H. Her sire was Young Moscow, by Moscow, by Catholic, he by imported Roman. A more extended pedigree may be found in 1st volumn of Bruce's Stud Book. Her dam was out of the dam of the sire of Duke of Wellington, the dam of Perkins, St. Lawrence.

Her grand dam was by Bush's Messenger, he by imported Messenger, she inherited strong racing blood on the side of her sire, and a fast trotting strain through her dam. It was the opinion of Mr. Henry Smith, of New Market, N. H., who handled Duke of Wellington in his early races, that Lady Moscow (the name under which she trotted her first race) might have become with judicious care and training, as celebrated as Lady Thorn. She produced in all eleven foals. The first was Duke of Wellington, by Dan Perkin's St. Lawrence, with a record of 2.35. He is the sire of Hopkins' colt that trotted a quarter over the Fashion course, pulling three hundred pounds in the astonishing time of 32 1-2 seconds, doing the half in 1.08 1-2; a dozen watches confirmed this wonderful exhibition of speed and endurance. He last three colts give promise of making fast trotters. A three year old (last spring) Lord Nelson, by Jack Shephard, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, took a premium at the New England Fair at Manchester, N. H., Sept. 1875. He is very large and strongly resembles his dam. Col. Baker of Dover, N. H., refused $1700 for him last fall.

Edith Wynne by Mambrino Thatcher foaled April 7th, 1874; when fourteen months old stood a little rising fifteen hands, and closely resembles a thoroughbred. Her last, a weanling by Royal Chief (a half-brother of Thomas Jefferson) is called by horsemen a remarkably fine gaited colt. He has been named Wonder Messenger. The dam of his sire was by Tippo, by New York Black Hawk, by Andrew Jackson, by Bashaw. This weanling was matched to trot a sixteenth of a mile to halter for $50 a side, with one of the same age, by Alexander's Harold; when his owner saw Wonder square himself and open out, he paid forfeit, remarking that he had seen many of the best colts at the stock farms in Kentucky and other places, but never saw such a rapid moving weanling before.

Lady Moscow (or Cupola, the name given as the dam of Lord Nelson in the September number of *Wilkes' Spirit,*) died of epizootic, September 23rd, 1875, at the age of twenty-five years.

These facts concerning the dam of Duke of Wellington I have taken great pains to substantiate. I was last owner of Lady Moscow and still own Edith Wynne and Wonder Messenger her last foals.

Boston, Mass. H. L. W.

ABOUT FLORIDA.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Seeing a notice in the *Ploughman* for information concerning Florida, I will state that nearly one year ago I located at Rosewood, near the Gulf coast, on the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, nine miles from Cedar Keys. The Railroad Company are doing all they can to encourage people to locate on their road, offering their land, forty acres and upward, for $1 25 per acre. Anywhere from Fernandina to Cedar Keys, 154 miles, there is Government land that can be preempted, 80 acres, by paying $14 00 down and occupying it five years, then receive your deed; no more to pay. If he has served in the Government service he can take 160 acres, with a deduction of his time he served to be deducted from the five years up to four years. There is heavy hammock land, heavily timbered, with many kinds of soil from one foot to three feet deep. The high pine land is healthy, with good water, and is well suited for oranges, lemons, figs, &c., &c. There are a number of summits on this road. You can buy good pine lumber at the mills for $8.00 per thousand. I bought my lumber delivered at depot for my house for $10 50 per thousand. There is a large amount of vegetables sent from here every day in the season direct to New York.

The trains pass here every day, morning and evening. Fish and oysters and game in abundance. There is a depot, store and hotel occupied by a Massachusetts man, (T. M. Ford) which is full of boarders from the north, also some twelve other houses. E. B. Dibble, Esq., from Granby, this State, spends his winters there. He has some thousand acres which he sells, rents and occupies to suit all. I remained there from March to September, worked out every day building my house, clearing and fencing land, and never enjoyed better health. I expect to return in about a month. I travelled over some of the State before I located, and am well satisfied. I think we are less liable to frosts than on the St. Johns.

The expense by the way of the Fernandina, ship line, is from here to Rosewood from $20 to $27, board included, requiring from five to six days' time; by cars, three and a half days, about $35.

With much respect, S. E. C.

Hartford, Ct., March 17, 1877.

☞ The best manure for hot-beds is a mixture of forest leaves and stable manure.

YELLOW DUCKWING GAME BANTAMS.

OWNED BY E. R. SPAULDING, ESQ., CEDAR CREEK, N. J.

The cut represents the Yellow Duckwing Game Bantams Star (163) and Beauty (164), which won 1st at Worcester, January, 1874, owned by E. R. Spaulding, Esq., Cedar Creek, N. J., who stands among the first in the whole country, among the cultivators of this variety. The birds were bred by him from stock of fine carriage, imported from England. Heretofore, B. R. Game Bantams have been generally used to breed with Duckwings, because if Duckwings were bred together the cocks were apt to have speckled breasts, particularly at the second and third moult. But of late, our best breeders affirm that with skill in mating, Duckwings can be propagated without the resorting to a B. R. Red strain. Crossing with the latter has its disadvantages. The cockerels and cocks will be all right, but the pullets are apt to be a little red in the wing, and some of them too much like B. Red hens in color.

We are indebted to the Editor of the *Poultry World* for the use of the above beautiful cut.

Correspondence.

WEST FLORIDA.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Having noticed an article in the *Ploughman* of March 17th, calling for information in regard to West Florida, I thought I would venture a few remarks in answer to it, having passed through and examined portions of that country called West Florida.

I take pleasure in imparting to any, what information I have gleaned, in regard to that delightful clime; as the information called for only relates to the western Gulf coast, I will only speak of Alashua and Levy counties, through which the line of transit railroad runs.

Alashua county geographically considered is the central one of the State, and is fanned by the Atlantic and Gulf breezes, making it healthful and most delightful both summer and winter; the equanimity of the weather is remarkable, being ninety-six degrees and twenty-six degrees above zero, this fairly representing the extremes of temperature; the air is dry and bracing in winter, pleasant and balmy in summer. Fogs are unknown in this section; chills and fever are common in low hammocks, but abate with the forest and occur much less frequent in the pine land section and still less in the rolling pine lands. These pine lands make a delightful retreat for the consumptive and those troubled with throat disease. There is a delightful aroma that exudes from the southern pine, that is very soothing and healing to those afflicted with disease of the throat and lungs.

In regard to soil, you can find all kinds, from the dark rich lands of the heavy hammock, to the white sandy scrub land of the St. Johns. The surface of the lands varies, there is the level, the high and the low lands; these low lands have a deep rich soil, and when properly drained will produce an enormous crop of sugar cane.

The level or prairie lands are quite numerous but not large, and are well adapted for grazing purposes. The high lands are mostly pine, are good and of easy tillage; most crops will grow upon them, such as the orange, banana, grape, fig, peach, sugarcane and many other kinds; these high lands are the most healthy, and can be bought from $1.50 to $25.00 per acre, according to quality and location.

The scrub lands and sand hills of this section, much resembles the sandy soil of the St. Johns. The culture of the orange and banana will prove a grand success in this section, as can be proven by the luscious fruit as it hangs from the trees in many a dooryard. The grape does well and yields a large profit, as Captain Cesana of Gainsville, can testify. The timber of this section is abundant and of the best quality; it consists of long and short leaf pine, live oak, red oak, water oak, sweet gum, hickory and magnolia, these predominate; but there are other kinds such as the ash, elm and sawhoo.

In regard to Cay County, that embraces Cedar Keys and that portion of the Gulf Coast, it is mostly low and swampy, many acres are entirely covered by water during the rainy season. Cedar Keys is the terminess of the Transit Railroad and is situated on an Island. The land in this vicinity is very low and swampy. The Palmetto tree and all its kindred grows in wild luxuriance in this section, some of the land in this county is very rich, especially in the Gulf hammock, the clearing of which will cost about $12 per acre, it being heavy timber. Pine lands cost from $5 to $8 per acre to clear, according to the growth.

The warm Gulf breezes that sweep over the Gulf coast, so temper the air, that in these counties the frost does but little or no harm to the orange trees, and what frost there may be, does the planter much good in killing off myriads of insects that accumulate during the summer season. Land can be bought from one to twenty dollars per acre, according to quality and location. Parties prefer to sell in large quantities. In regard to market facilities, will say, that from Cedar Keys to New York it is direct, and the cost of freight, such as a barrel of oranges, would be one dollar, and a barrel of flour ninety cents, that is by boat from Fernandina, so that a barrel of oranges put on board the cars, at Cedar Keys, will be landed in New York for one dollar. Mail communication goes through to New York in four days.

Communication on the coast below Cedar Keys is very poor at present. The time, however, is not far distant when it will be much better, because a railroad is already under construction from Waldo, on the Transit Railroad near Gainsville, down to Charlotte Harbor and Tampa, on the Gulf Coast. There is forming a company of New Englanders, who intend to settle somewhere near Gainsville or Archer, on the Transit Railroad, and would be glad to have any good citizen join their number.

I believe I have answered all the questions asked by E. H. of Cambridge, and should feel a pleasure in communicating what information I have to any one who is desirous of making lovely Florida, their future home. Respectfully, F. W. L.

Sutton, Mass., March 23rd, 1877.

The Poultry Interest.

FANCY FOWLS.

Fanny Field, in the *Ohio Farmer*, very sensibly says:

And now a word about buying "fancy fowls." Get the best every time; it don't pay to get cheap stock—it is the dearest in the end. I know, for I tried on several occasions. Once I paid a dollar and a half for a setting of Light Brahma eggs, and they were the dearest eggs I ever bought. Five of them hatched, two of them were as black as the ace of spades, and of the remaining three there was not one first-class chicken. I sold the whole lot for five cents a pound, live weight, and was glad to get rid of them at that price. At another time I sent some money to a man who advertised "high-class" Dark Brahmas for sale at four dollars a trio. Dark Brahmas they might have been but they were certainly "poor relations." Early one morning I stole to my hennery with my "little hatchet," and we had a Brahma pie for dinner.

I was reckless by that time, and the next day deliberately sent $15 to an eminent poultry breeder for a pair of Light Brahmas. I got them too, and they were beauties. Since then I have paid high prices for good fowls, and have never regretted it. Poultry breeders who have any reputation to lose, cannot afford to send out inferior fowls or eggs, and they cannot afford to sell good stock for half price.

EGGS IN WINTER.

We have never had any difficulty in getting a supply of eggs during the winter from chickens that were hatched very early in the spring. We gave them a tolerably warm building, fairly lighted by means of glass windows. We furnished them with all the corn and grain they wanted, giving preference to wheat screenings. Every day they had fresh meat in some form. When there was not refuse meat about the house we bought scraps or liver from a butcher. The cost was very small compared with the worth of the eggs obtained. When the weather was tolerably warm, they had raw cabbage every day, and when it was very cold cooked potatoes and other vegetables. Once or twice a week they had a warm hash made of meat, potatoes and cabbage seasoned with pepper. In making egg shells, we provided burned bones powdered tolerably fine. Farmers can have eggs during the winter from their young fowls, if they will follow the course imperfectly sketched above.

The Sheepfold.

CAUSE OF SHEEP LOSING THEIR WOOL.

There is no method or medicine—no feed or treatment that will arrest the wool from falling from the sheep once it has begun; for the reason that the injury is done to the fibre of the wool long before it begins to fall out. The wool, by some sickness or disease, or mal-treatment in feeding, has been arrested in its continuous growth, and is broken or rotted, and when the new growth of wool starts, it pushes the old wool out till it drops. We often hear many wool growers say, "I wonder what makes that sheep cast its fleece or drop its wool. It has been treated as well as the rest." But the fact is it has had a bad spell of some kind some time in the fall, and has been overlooked till the fleece tells the story. All the grain it will eat and the best of hay won't make the wool unite again after it is once broken. Of course the sheep that are getting into the best condition with the grain feed are only hurrying up to grow a new fleece, and are shedding their old rotten fleece faster than those that are not so well fed. That is the whole secret. The only way to save the wool is to shear it now and blanket the sheep, or keep them under cover till mild weather, with good feed. If they have any skin disease, or are troubled with ticks, you will then see it, and be prepared to apply the proper remedies.—*Michigan Farmer.*

GRADES FOR THE DAIRY.

I have just returned from a trip through the dairy districts of Indiana, Ohio, New York, Vermont and Pennsylvania, and nothing struck me so forcibly as the large number of Jersey cows that are being introduced into the butter-making herd. This little "ragged cow," as Youatt calls her, seems to be gradually taking possession of the field, and while the quantity she yields is highly commendable, yet in my opinion, the greatest service she renders the butter-maker is to teach or induce him to make better article of butter, for I find it almost a universal rule that where a fine article of butter is made, the dairyman has the progressive spirit to introduce good blood into his stock, and improve implements in his dairy. I find the opinion gaining ground among the dairymen, and I notice it cropping out through the agricultural papers, that for ordinary farm use, the one-half grade Jersey is the best for all practical purposes. There seems to be practically more money to the plain farmer in the half-bloods than thoroughbreds, whether it be for fat, wool or milk.—L. S. HARDIN, *in Country Gentleman.*

Stock Department.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

At the late convention of Shorthorn breeders in Kansas, Mr. John Moler, of Anderson county, that State, in an address dwelt upon the value of grades, and their advantages over common stock. He gave the following instance of his own experience:

"Last winter he stall-fed forty head of three-year-old steers. Thirty of them were half Durham, or what we call grades. Ten of them were good common steers of native stock, and of a good average quality. They were all fed on the same and together, and fared exactly alike. He commenced feeding in November, and before feeding had all weighed separately. And again after feeding was over, and cattle ready for market, had all weighed separately. The native steers gained on an average 290 pounds to the head, during the feeding. The grades gained to the head, an average of 490 pounds, which satisfied him that blood will tell."

FIRST RELATION OF DAM WITH SIRE.

I am aware that the great majority of stock breeders do not admit of the principle that the after pregnancy of dam will follow her first produce in looks. My attention several years ago was called to an old brood mare, of what breeding I cannot recall but with at least two-thirds thoroughbred blood coursing in her veins, who got "a chance colt," as her first colt, by a jack. Her owner recognizing this principle mentioned above, selected the finest, most perfect and proved stallion to breed to he could find, and anxiously awaited the expected foal's advent, which when it did come, presented a decidedly mulish appearance, especially about the head. When I saw the mare she was suckling her sixth colt. Her five colts were all from different stallions, yet in each case there was the mulish appearance about each foal, but growing less and less from the second down to the sixth one. As all the six were by the same plantation I satisfied my curiosity by a thorough examination of each and all.—*Am. Stock Journal.*

Porcine.

POINTS OF ECONOMY IN PIG FEEDING.

A writer for the *Country Gentleman* shows the need of having a hog which makes good use of its feed, and the profit of selling just at the right time. Every week throughout the winter we have accounts of heavy swine, showing the capacity of some breed to manufacture so much pork in so long a time, or perhaps showing how much some big specimen of a favorite breed can be made to weigh, regardless of cost. In purchasing any implement of farm machinery, the farmers consider three things necessary to any good machine, viz., lightness of draft, amount of work done, and durability. But when we test our swine, we as a rule consider only one quality essential to a good hog, and that is a great amount of work done in a given time without regard to what it costs to do it. I know of a farmer who is testing the merits of various breeds of swine. In one pen he has one pig each of the Chester White, Poland China, Jersey Red, Yorkshire, Berkshire and Essex breeds. The very closest observation in this experiment will only enable the operator to approximate to the actual profit of each breed. The best hog is the one that enables us to realize the most money (through the medium of pork) for the food he consumes. We pay too little attention to the economy of feeding. I once knew a monster hog to eat 15 quarts of meal a day, and every bushel he ate only made four pounds of pork when it should have made ten pounds.

To make profitable pork swine should be fed nearly as much as they will eat every day until they are slaughtered, and the time of killing, if weight is no consideration, should be when the digestive powers cease to assimulate the food properly. It is not safe to be governed by the appetite, for some hogs are gourmands, and scarcely hold their own weight. I have yet to see an economy in feeding to over 500 pounds dressed weight when the forcing system has been pursued. Old breeding stock may be fed profitably to extreme weights of their class, providing they have only been kept in good stock condition, because their digestion is better and appetite stronger, but when they cease to gain three pounds per day. I should kill them if they are fit, because it takes a heavy percentage of the feed to run the machine alone. It has been said that the breed having the least offal is the most profitable. This may be carried to excess. The most desirable qualities in a hog are growth and tendency to fat, the proper balance of which is the very hardest thing to maintain. I consider too great a tendency to fat in pigs a greater evil than the impossibility to fatten at any age. My neighbor had a pen of shotes last winter that at 200 pounds gross were finished so fat that they had to rest their heads on the trough or on blocks of wood to prevent smothering. This year he has more growth and just sufficient fattening qualities in his hogs to enable him to feed them economically until they arrive at the desirable weight, or, if he wants to sell them, keep them until the market suits. Another neighbor cannot fatten

life would be as unendurable as country life would be to one who delights in the bustle of the city. I love the quiet life on a farm The horses, the cows, the fowls, and even the pigs, I am interested in.

My husband talks over with me his plans for future crops, and I watch with interest his efforts at improving upon last year's successes and failures. My health is never better than when I spend the most time in the open air, and I consider myself fortunate when the work in the house does not require my oversight, and I am thus enabled to help about some of the lighter farm work. I have another and greater reason than any yet mentioned for liking the farm. It is such a good place for the children. The fresh air, the freedom from restraint, the pure milk,—almost every thing that can be mentioned in connection with the farm, the influences there brought around them, all tend to make them healthy, happy boys and girls, and later, good and honest men and women. Give them an interest in a patch of ground—some of the animals to care for and train; if their taste points that way, give the inventive ability a chance to expand, make home as attractive as it should be, with books and music, and the children will love the farm and the home too well to ever wish to leave it for the over-crowded, dangerous city. H. H. D.

Cochesett, Mass.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 31, 1877.

The Committee on Agriculture will report to the Legislature a resolve appropriating $10,000 for the State Agricultural College, one half to be appropriated to clearing off the debt and the other half to the establishment of a "labor fund," the interest to be used in paying for the labor of needy students who are working their own way.

There is a good prospect for the tunnel that is to go under Beacon Hill, from the Charles River side, and come out at Province Court, which is between School and Bromfield streets. The intention is to make it the entrance of several proposed narrow-guage railroads into the very heart of the city. Such a project would work wonders in the method of getting in and out of town.

One of our wealthiest citizens, who pays taxes on two millions of dollars, testified the other day before the Committee on Just and Equal Taxation at the State House, that he thought the valuation of property was at the present time from twenty to twenty-five per cent. too high; and he added his belief that the true prosperity of the State would be best promoted by taxing only real estate, inasmuch as it would invite immigration by a desirable class of people.

Much opposition was manifested to the nomination of Judge McKim, of West Roxbury, to the office of Judge of Probate for Suffolk County, but the nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Council on Tuesday last. The protest came chiefly from members of the Suffolk Bar.

Turkey has got her head, and the end is likely to come all the sooner. The later outrages committed by the Bashi-Bazouks are as deliberate a defiance of civilization as could be perpetrated. No conferences or protocols will be able to stay the hot current of indignation with which Europe regards the atrocious conduct of the Turks.

The National banks pay into the Federal Treasury three kinds of taxes; one-half of one per cent. on their capital not invested in bonds, the same on deposits, and one per cent. on circulation, or two per cent. in all. Besides this they have to shoulder State and local taxation, ranging from one to three and a half per cent., and averaging two per cent. through the country. This makes a total tax of four per cent., which they have to pay whether their capital is idle or productive.

This Chinese "problem," as they call it on the Pacific side, really involves only the interests of 40,000 Chinaman in a population of 800,000 in all, in California. The recent murders of Chinamen have stirred the community in San Francisco to a deep excitement, and the cry of extermination is freely heard. They seem to know that when John Chinaman once gets a foothold he possesses the land. That is just what he is beginning to do in the Sandwich Islands at this moment. The people on the Pacific coast, however, will find that they must manage the matter in their own good way, and without making a national affair of it.

The Pope, at eighty-five, has lost much of his former vigor, such for instance as he exhibited at eighty. Then he would have been taken for a man of but sixty-five. He walks more slowly, leans heavily on his cane, and is subject to frequent fainting turns. But his eye and mind are as bright as ever, and he is just as fond of his joke and his pleasantry as he ever was.

The very newest wrinkle is that for using the famous ocean steamship Great Eastern for carrying cattle from this country to England. She is to be fitted up with the modern requirements for such service, at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, and is at present in Milford Docks for repairs.

MARCH.

This rough and rude old month goes out to-day, and everybody is ready to welcome April and real Spring. The weather has been of the most trying character, forcing a great many persons in delicate and fragile health to finally yield. The snow tried to rival the regular falls of the three winter months, and when it began to melt and run, helped on by torren's of rain, the streams at once commenced overflowing and the cellars filling. More persons, we venture to say, have stood for the past three weeks over cellars that were and still are ponds of water, than has been the case in many a year. The old people have as a matter of course dropped off in large numbers. March is always a tough month for them. Its sudden and severe changes rack the systems of aged people in a fearful manner. We have noted the departure of many who had gone above the eighties, into the nineties, and even above the hundreds. Such a March as we have just got through is sure to make severe exactions on the thinned ranks of age.

TAXING MORTGAGES.

This subject deservedly continues to be as interesting and important as any that has been before a legislative committee during the present session. It concerns property holders the State over. It is every way unjust, and worse, to tax the same property twice over, and it is time the practice was stopped. It is said that the responsibility for the continuance of the present grab law on the subject rests on a single person; if so, there is less excuse than ever for suffering its existence any longer. By compelling a person who owns a piece of real estate, but who would like to borrow money upon it for business enterprise, to pay not only a tax on the entire property but on the amount borrowed, which he really has to do under the present law in order to obtain his loan, it to discourage and forbid the pledging of real estate for any legitimate purpose, and thus to discourage and forbid the growth of industry and enterprise.

Not to speak particularly of taxes on other kinds of property, this tax on mortgages, piled on as it is upon the first tax of the entire property so mortgaged, is a specimen of crudity in a taxation system that argues against our civilization itself. There is but one excuse that can be offered for it, and that is that in this way the State is pretty sure to get its tax on the whole property. But to do this it becomes guilty of innumerable acts of injustice. It acts as if taxes were inflicted on the people as a penalty for something which it does not name. There is a greediness about it that is indefensible. As the citizen is really the State, and real property without him and his labor is not, he has rights to be respected as well as the State, and to rob him of his property on any sort of a pretext is to rob the State itself. It is sheer robbery to tax a person twice over, and the practise should be stopped. The State will be sure to get one tax, and that is all it is entitled to.

THE FARMER'S CHANCES.

A correspondent, signing himself "Concord," and claiming to be a "practical farmer," decidedly excepts to some things said in a recent article in the *Ploughman* on Business and Farming, the object of which was simply to impress the fact that, in the term of twelve or fifteen years past, farming had come out ahead of business. Let our correspondent and critic study the figures that tell the story of business failures for the past three years and a half, and he cannot but see that the farmers have certainly come out ahead. We still assert that in comparison with all other occupations, farming has proved to be the most stable, the most reliable for those who pursue it, and to-day presents no such wrecks as strew the banks of the trade stream so thickly.

Suppose, as our correspondent objects, profits are small and labor has during the time been high; labor is not high now, and the profits are to-day surer than that of any other calling. And farming has enjoyed its day of high prices, too. Many a mortgage has been paid off of farms that their owners had almost despaired of ever lifting. As for the middlemen question, involving all sorts of charges and swindles, we do not propose to go into that in this connection. But one thing is to be remembered in reference to farming as it always is in reference to the business of the mechanic, merchant and manufacturer. It is this; that a man working a farm has no right to expect to advance any faster than men would in other callings, but that he is held to the same conditions of patience, labor and economy which they are. Few of these really succeed until late in life, and after many years of labor and luck, and he cannot hope to do any better. But this is his constant advantage over them; he has the certainty at least of a good living in his hands, and they look on him for this reason with honest envy.

THE TABERNACLE.

It is steady work that is being done at the Tabernacle, and calculated to leave a deep impression on the morality of the community. If thousands on thousands are drawn hither from different parts of New England, it only shows that the radiating power of the evangelists is increasing. Every day and every evening the immense structure is filled with people, who are come to listen to the words of truth and soberness. They are very largely persons not habituated to attendance on public worship, and for this single reason it is plain that Mr. Moody is reaching an immense class that would but for him go without religious care. The deep interest manifested by them in what is preached attests the need of providing the means for their religious improvement and edification. At every successive meeting other thousands occupy the seats of the thousands who sat there before them, allowing always for the regular attendants that help swell the vast congregations every day.

That the work done is not after the sensational order is but the more satisfactory to all right-thinking persons. For this sufficient reason its fruits are not exhibited by noisy manifestations, but ripen in silence and in the privacy of homes where the religious element has always been the one thing necessary for their happiness. No one need attempt to estimate a work like Mr. Moody's after the strict numerical method. The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation. The Lo, here, and Lo, there, which so many are always ready to utter, is not its true signal. That such devoted labors in the most sacred of all causes should fall to yield fruit an hundred fold in the community is an impossibility. The preaching is earnest, the invocations are heart-reaching, and the inquiry-meetings reveal results of which no mention can be made to the world. In two months of labor the evangelists have fully proved the necessity that was felt for their presence.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Senate has received a report from the Committee on Prisons, providing that the County Commissioners, except in Suffolk county, shall have all the power of overseers of houses of correction. Also a resolve instructing members of Congress from Massachusetts to use their influence to procure an appropriation from the government to repay the cost of the coast defences during the late war. It adopted the bill changing the law concerning highway damages, so that towns can be fined but $1000 at the most for such damages. It refused to reconsider the engrossment of the resolve in favor of woman suffrage. A bill was passed giving stable keepers a lien on horses for their charges; also punishing embezzlement by trustees, guardians, executors and administrators. In the House, the committee on woman suffrage reported favorably on a bill proposing it. A bill was reported providing for the assignment of counsel and the attendance of witnesses in the trials of inmates of reform schools, who may be sent to the criminal courts for offences alleged to have been committed within the institutions. The bill relative to railroad strikes was debated, a substitute for it adopted, and the matter then indefinitely postponed. The objection to the bill was that it proposed to create a new crime. The Old South bill was advanced a stage.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

It is a difficult matter to tell what is and what is not likely to occur in the East. The situation has developed nothing in the past week, but the time nevertheless approaches when the armistice will be up and war be liable to break out without warning. A week or more ago, it promised to be peaceable in Europe; now Russia is arming, and Turkey insisting that the Russian army shall be demobilized at the same time with her own. Russia insists that a second failure of negotiations shall not befall Europe. The Constantinople conference is called a "conference of the Great Weaknesses," instead of the Great Powers. Russia holds that there can be no protocol to any treaty that shall be effective, unless it presupposes Turkey's disarmament and the making of peace with Montenegro. Yet Russia is accused of interfering to hinder Motenegro from making terms with Turkey at all. At any rate, there is no prospect of peace between Turkey and that province. All is complicated and difficult of disentanglement. The sword is more likely to be called in to cut the knot.

DARTMOUTH STUDENTS.

The Faculty of Dartmouth College have just laid down a rule that no student shall be entitled to enjoy a scholarship, unless he shall pledge himself to abstain from liquors, tobacco, billards and dancing. A scholarship at Dartmouth means the interest of a thousand dollars, there being many such sums in possession of the College to help on industrious students with. But they do not yield as much as they ones did, in consequence of which the number of scholarships has been reduced. And that supplies the reason, no doubt, for the present weeding process. Still, there may be other expenses as wasteful, or more so, than these. The real purpose, however, is to make the money thus contributed by benefactors of the College go for education alone, and not for extravagance or dissipation. The young man at College will have it to regret all his lifetime if he wastes the days of discipline that introduce him to his career.

MOUNTAIN MEADOWS.

The execution of the bloody Mormon, John D. Lee, who conducted the dreadful massacre at Mountain Meadows, in Southern Utah, in which, twenty years ago, one hundred and forty emigrants, bound to California from Arkansas, were butchered and their effects divided among the Mormons, was a most impressive proof of the saying that murder will find its perpetrator out. Lee made his confession, such as it was, in which Brigham Young and Bishop Heber were equally implicated with himself in the affair. If it can be proved, it is to be sincerely hoped that justice will put itself on their track also. No such cruel crime was ever committed in our history. Lee sat up on his coffin to be shot, in full sight of the monument of stones erected on the spot of the massacre. He professed to be calm, but he was ashy pale, and he begged his executioners to aim at his heart. He leaves fourteen wives and forty-two children.

FIRE-PROOF.

After all the devastating experience which the public has had with fires, it had come to be thought that the most perfect materials had at last been got together that would make buildings fire proof. One such, an elegant and costly structure of iron, steel and brick, containing the most valuable of goods in the shape of watches and diamonds, was consumed by the fire it proposed to defy, in New York last week. The fire caught at 8 o'clock in the evening, and was at its greatest height at midnight. At daybreak it was still burning. It is described as the burning out of a volcano. The great building at the last was like a spent furnace. The walls and shutters were the very best means of repelling attack on the fire from the outside. The elevators inside were so many conductors for the flames, which were fed by the mass of inflammable materials in the basement. Hard pine fed the fires within, and steel shutters kept firemen at bay without. Thus we see man's most cunning devices brought to nought again. Granite is now matched with iron as combustible material.

PETER GOELET.

There lives, just ready to die, a rich and eccentric old bachelor bearing the above name, in the very heart of the city of New York. His property is estimated at fully twelve millions. He has persistently carried out the idea of rural life in the very heart of the metropolis. Within his enclosure surrounding his house, which stands in the midst of the roar of Broadway, may be seen peacocks, pheasants, storks, and the single cow he persists in keeping. The milk of that cow has been estimated, in view of the value of the land on which she is subsisted, to cost at least twelve thousand dollars a year. Mr. Goelet was a shrewd business man, and made investments in real estate that have rolled wealth in upon him ever since. Two sisters live with him, and he has for many years been a myth and mystery to all but a few personal friends. He keeps his own books and collects his own rents. He owns the land on which the Windsor Hotel and Lord & Taylor's dry-goods block stands, and the late Commodore Vanderbilt vainly tried to buy of him the land needed for the Grand Central Depot.

NEW YORK MYSTERIES.

One of the commonest mysteries of the great commercial emporium is the sudden disappearance of its citizens and visitors. The still unaccounted for disappearance of Oakey Hall is exciting universal surprise and feeling. There is nothing to lead those who knew him to believe that he had any design to take himself out of the way, nor indeed was he a man likely to behave thus to his family or his friends. It is known, from memoranda he left behind, that he intended to go to certain dangerous places in Brooklyn on the evening when he was last seen, and from the fact that he has not been heard of since it is beginning to be inferred that he was foully dealt with. Still, as no one knows anything about the woman for whom he said he was engaged to procure a divorce, and as she does not as yet come forward in answer to the general call, it may be that he fixed the case on purpose to draw attention the wrong way, and thus give him the more time to put distance behind him. At present it is a mystery, and the entire public has taken to speculating on it with deep feeling.

FROM TEXAS.

From a private letter recently received by a gentleman in this city, we are permitted to make the following extracts, giving some idea of that great State. The writer went from Woburn four or five months ago with a small party of settlers.

SCHNYDER RANCHE, HONDO VALLEY, } Bandera Co., Feb. 26, 1877. }

My experience is *decidedly* in favor of the country. I would not return if all my expenses were paid and $1000 given as bonus. I enclose a rough plan of my place and adjoining lands, which can't be beat for fertility, situation and desirability. I have thought many times while riding over "the league," what a pity that our northern mechanics and farmers could not club together and thus secure beautiful homes and fine farms in an *exceedingly* healthy location, with an almost perpetual summer, and all for a mere nothing. The owners of the league near my place are willing to sell the whole 4428 acres, at about $2.25 if *sold at once*, but will not *sell a portion*, as they sell to settle an estate.

Land is rapidly increasing in value; much that could be bought a year ago for $1.00, now commands $3.00 to $10.00 readily. The country is *rapidly* filling up with a good class of people, and I have just learned of a colony of 25 families who have *purchased* land seven miles north of me, and another colony has just sent a committee here from Ohio, who report *very favorably*. For farming or stock raising, I can truthfully say this country offers the greatest inducements for men of small means. Many other tracts of fine lands near here can be had at from $1 25 to $2 50 per acre, but they are second choice.

Well, I reckon you haven't green grass, flowers, peach trees in full bloom, wild currants, partly formed cabbage, beets, lettuce, cauliflower growing finely, green peas up four inches, and *beautiful* weather! No, I reckon not. Yet you know what Texas—Western Texas—can do in that line. Corn is in, potatoes bedded, and most of my garden truck planted and much of it up.

Yes, I do like Texas, and any one with willing hands and some means, can do better, everything considered, here than at the North. Beef 2 to 5 cents, pork 5 cents per bound, venison, turkey, duck, quail, starling, blackbirds, snipe, and doves you get by the cartload. Butter 25 cents and falling, eggs 10 cents, chickens 10 to 15 cents each. Oh, I tell you a man can live like a king, and for almost nothing. There is an abundance of good, fine land, which clubs or colonies could get cheap near here, but it must be had by *buying* it in colonies, and that is the *only* way to get it, and it must be bought *at once*, so many are settling here. Any one can obtain information about this or adjoining counties by addressing me with stamp, as my object is to procure good neighbors from New England.

Yours truly, F. W. E.

Editor's Table.

☞ *Scribner* is full of attractions, and all of them colored with the sentiment of the new season. An illustrated paper, entitled Chincoteague, describes an isolated section of Virginia, the northeastern quarter, where the ponies are as untamed as the mustangs of Mexico. A Trip to the Black Hills is a very interesting illustrated article. Farm Villages, with plans, is a new idea by Geo. E. Waring, worth consideration. American Sporting Dogs, with illustrations, will prove a most attractive paper to numbers of persons. Insectiverous Plants is an instructive article, by Sophie Herrick. John Burroughs writes delightfully of April, and that is as well as any natural poet can. Eugene Schuyler describes his Russian observations in Out of my Window at Moscow. Where is God? is a thoughtful poem by Rev. Mr. Savage, of this city. R. R. Stoddard contributes a Rosè Song. The Brio-a-Brac and editorial miscellany will draw the attention of all readers. The whole number is an enticing one. A. Williams & Co., have it for sale.

☞ *Harper's Magazine* is, as usual, a fresh fascination. Harriet Prescott Spofford supplies another instalment of her richly suggestive descriptions of Furniture and its Decoration in the Renaissance, with twenty-one superior illustrations. A Summer Cruise among the Atlantic Islands is concluded, the Canaries and Cape de Verdes being treated this time. Our Familiar Birds, with pictures of some of them, is a seasonable sketch of the feathered little creatures which every one is impatient to welcome back. Thomas Edward, the Scotch naturalist and shoemaker, a very remarkable character and case, is sketched in an illustrated article by a charming writer. Vittoria Colonna is a new poem by Longfellow, and A Song of the Garden is the title of one by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. The liberal education of Women is ably and acutely advocated by Anna C. Brackett, and the development and growth of our public libraries is traced by Edward Howland. The editor's department swarms with fresh and new things on art, science, books, current topics, and the humors of the time. The illustrations are profuse and superior. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *The Atlantic* presents at its opening the copy of a diary kept by a young British officer during the siege of Boston, in which is contained an account of the Battles of Lexington and Concord. The Races of the Danube is a timely paper by John Fiske. The comedy, Out of the Question, by Howells, advances by two more parts. Whipple comments on Dickens' American Notes. There is a very striking paper on the morals of South Carolina, by a native of that State. The Contributors' Club maintains its variety and rich suggestiveness. A Creole Lover's Song, by E. C. Stedman, set to music by Dudley Buck, forms the musical contribution of the number. Longfellow has a short ballad, entitled the Ballad of the French Fleet in 1746, and Wratislaw is a fine poem by R. H. Stoddard. The book chat, notices, and commentary are done as the *Atlantic* always does this attractive department. A. Williams & Co., have it for sale.

☞ *St. Nicholas* is brimming full of Spring. There is the song of birds, the hum of insects, and the scent of flowers all through it. Prof. Brooks, of the John Hopkins University, a talented young naturalist, tells us Something about Birds. Prof. Proctor writes about the Stars in April. J. T. Trowbridge talks to the boys on Good Will. Virginia Townsend has a poem on April, and Lucy Larcom, Susan Coolidge and others have helped in their zealous and successful way to heap the measure full of nice things for the boys and girls. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ The *Galaxy* gives a sketch of the Theatre Francais, by Henry James, Jr., which is the seed-bed, and nursery, and home of the French school of acting. On Being Born Away from Home, is the capital title to an essay, full of natural thought which never finds expression, on the unhappiness or dissatisfaction of those persons whose birthplace happened to be where their innate tastes and sentiments would never incline them. The South, Her Condition and Needs, and the Hard Times—Some Cause and Some Cure by Labor, are two articles of an economic character, and freighted with matter that is especially urgent upon the common reflection. English Traits is a paper of exceptional interest, by Richard Grant White. The Dramatic Canons, second paper, is by Frederick Whittaker. The poetry is by Margaret J. Preston and others. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Wide Awake* for April is all that its name purports, and is crowded from one of its illuminated covers to the other with things fit and timely for the juveniles, who will open to Lansebourg's 30 years old, who had taken the *Ploughman* 33 years, wishing to hear from an older subscriber than himself, another old gent from Bridgewater says, "I shall be 87 years old next 16, and have taken the *Ploughman* over 35 years." I shall not be 70 years old until May 8th, and have subscribed, taken, and paid in advance for the *Ploughman* ever since it was published. You will have to think back twice before you can reach that far back and reckon up the time. The *Ploughman* grows better every year, and I think you may put me down thirty years more, it nothing happens.

☞ This is also what another subscriber writes to us from Framingham in letter of March 12:

"Bridgewater and Lansboro claim age and length of subscription for the *Ploughman*. I am not inclined to boast, but here is my statement; I have read every paper since early manhood, townsman and personal friend, Buckminster, commenced its publication, and intend to continue so long as the *Ploughman* is published. Neither our absence from home, nor sickness, debar from reading the *Ploughman* weekly, excepting a part of two weeks at the Centennial. The first thing on my return was to read two copies at the Worcester Reading Room, which I found on my table. Permit me to congratulate you for the improvement and success of the *Ploughman*, since you became its Editor and Proprietor."

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—The following named director were chosen at the annual meeting of the above named society, held at their rooms Tuesday last:

George T. Angell, Russell Sturgis, Jr., D. D. Slade, George Noyes, Mrs. William Appleton, Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Miss Ann Wigglesworth, Mrs. C. D. Homans, Miss Florence Lyman, Henry S. Russell, Henry Chilson, C. D. Heywood, Henry P. Kidder, Samuel C. Sawyer, G. J. F. Bryant, W. H. Baldwin, Henry S. Washburn, Abraham Firth, Daniel Needham, John B. Tait, Gorely S. Curtis, Mrs. Samuel Cabot, Mrs. John Lowell, Mrs. Joseph Iasigi, Mrs. George L. Chaney, Mrs. John L. Roberts, Mrs. Emily F. Bird, J. Murray Forbes, William Howell Reed, Frank B. Fay.

From the secretary's report we learn that 3725 cases were investigated during the past year.

☞ *The London Quarterly* contains—Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII; Old Norse Mirror of Men and Manners; Dr. Carpenter's Mental Physiology; English Policy in South Africa; Geographical and Scientific Results of the Arctic Expeditions; A French Critic on Milton; Mohammed and Mohammedanism; A Ramble Round the World; and, The Eastern Question and the Conference

☞ *The Westminster Review* has for its contents—A Ministry of Justice; The Warfare of Science; The Factory and Workshop Acts; The Life of the Prince Consort; The Turkish Question; Russian Designs and English Promoters of Them; John Locke; The Financial Difficulties of the Government of India; and Contemporary Literature. *The British Quarterly* contains—Julian's Letters; The Poetry of the Old Testament; Alexander Vinet; Priesthood in the Light of the New Testament; Herbert Spenser's Sociology; its Ground, Motive, and Sphere: Guisot's History of France; The Servian War; and Contemporary Literature. The above Reviews are all published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., and are for sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Wood's Illustrated Plant Record* and Guide to Analysis, adapted to American botany, is one of the simplest and most elegant of publications for inducting the learner of this fascinating science into its mysteries, and grounding him or her so firmly that the way will thereafter be easy and natural. Each page is ruled and has blanks for the various specimens to be submitted for analysis, thus assisting the student to make his own analysis and record. It is published in a thin quarto form, and very neatly. For sale by Nichols & Hall.

☞ *The Great Conflict*, by Dr. George C. Lorimer, minister at the temple, is a discourse "concerning Baptists and Religious Liberty," delivered in Chicago, near the close of last year. It does not claim to be exhaustive, but does to be suggestive. It is intended to illustrate the truth that the sublimest movements of history have not originated with the most highly educated or the most splendidly endowed. The whole treatise is one of remarkable vigor and freshness, and will be widely read by all who like to subject themselves to recognised power. Its perusal cannot fail to be of great profit. Published in very neat form by Lee & Shepard.

☞ *Irrigation for the Farm, Garden and Orchard* is the name of a timely book, by Henry Stewart, a civil and mining engineer, and it is freely illustrated. The whole science of irrigation is discussed and made readily intelligible to the practical farmer. Elsewhere than in Colorado this idea of the great benefits of artificial irrigation is taking hold of men's minds. It is something to be applied to the growing of fruit and to gardening operations, as well as to agriculture in its larger sense. The book discusses the various methods of irrigation, and every farmer who has only a meadow to water will be interested in what it sets forth. It will also be found a useful treasury of suggestions for surveyors and civil engineers in their special calling. We commend it especially to farmers-at-large and small, as full of hints of the future for their favorite calling. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ The continuation of the auction sales of the *Ames Plow Company*, on Thursday of this week and Thursday of next, forms one of the stirring business events in Boston. The whole agricultural community is actively interested in these sales. Farmers and dealers are offered an opportunity to secure, at less than the cost of manufacture, a supply of the latest and most approved Implements and Machines connected with farming operations, made in a superior manner, from the best materials, and specially for New England use. The mechanic who obeys the promptings of enterprise and godliness among our people; for the bounties of the earth in their season; for help for the needy, comfort for the sick, and consolation for the sorrowful; for faith undoubting, for love unfeigned, and for the peace which passeth understanding.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this ninth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and first.

ALEXANDER H. RICE.

By his excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Council.

HENRY B. PIERCE, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A Terrible Disaster in One of the Valleys of Connecticut.—*Hartford, Conn., March 27.*—Staffordville reservoir dam gave way at about 7 o'clock this morning, sweeping everything along the valley from Staffordville, through Old Furnace to Stafford Springs. The National Bank at Staffordville, Congregational Church, L. W. Crane's store, the freight depot and all the houses on the island at Stafford Springs were destroyed. All the bridges between the scene of the disaster and Tolland, both on the railroad and the highway, were washed off. No loss of life is yet reported. The loss in Staffordville is very heavy, the mills suffering more or less damage, the work will have to be suspended in them till the reservoir can be rebuilt. The E. A. Converse & Co. mill have four sets of cards and 1000 spindles, and employ a large number of hands. The Home Company, the Home Manufacturing Company and the Home Woollen Company are also situated there; the latter runs 5360 spindles. The Staffordville Woollen Company has three sets of cards.

The exact loss of the companies is not known. In Stafford Springs are the mills of Charles Fox & Co., six sets of cards, the Converse Company, with seven sets of cards and 1800 spindles. In Ellis Converse & Co.'s mill are 2000 spindles, the Granite Mills 5500 spindles, and the Valley Manufacturing Company, the Phenix Woolen Mills and the Hawsiter Company, each with four sets of cards. The Granite Mills will be rebuilt at once. Staffordville were all swept away, and also stores and storehouses. Probably not less than thirty houses were destroyed. The dam was considered safe, but the heavy rains of Monday afternoon and evening filled the reservoir to overflowing. The breaking away was wholly unexpected, but the reservoir being some distance above the village the alarm reached the people in time for them to effect their safety.

Damage to the Property of Gov. Hyde of Stafford, Conn.—*Hartford, Conn., March 27.*—Ex-Lieut.-Gov. Hyde, a well known agriculturist and stock raiser, lost $2000 at Stafford Hollow by the sweeping away of small buildings, and about $1000 worth of fertilizers, in cars were swept away at Stafford Springs; also a fine meadow of twelve acres, valued at $200 an acre, was destroyed. Mr. Hyde estimates the loss on the line of the Central New England railroad at $100,000, and the total loss by the flood at least $300,000. Reports this evening say that two more men lost, Richard Spedding and William Burwell.

GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in plain bottles at $1, for the cure of colic, old sores, sprains and bruises, and for all internal pains, or no pay. TOBIAS' CONDITION POWDERS are warranted to cure fever, bots, worms, give a fine coat, and increase the appetite; 25 cents; certified to by Colonel D. McDaniel, owner of some of the fastest running horses in the world, and hundreds of other persons. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., Boston Agents.

Physicians say that Milk of Magnesia is the best preparation they have ever seen, and strongly recommend it for disorders of the stomach, gout and gravel. It is peculiarly beneficial to children, as it is like its smooth, pleasant taste. Sold by all druggists.

FRANK MILLER'S HARNESS OIL received the highest and only award at the Centennial Exhibition.

☞ Within the past few years there has been a great demand for rifles and Pistols for target practice, our late war having taught us the importance of being a nation of good marksmen; but especially for those who like the sport have the opportunity to practice with firearms. To such the Champion Air Pistol is of incalculable benefit, as it can be used in the house, is easily loaded, and perfectly accurate; besides being harmless. Can be had of any gun dealer or of the Pope Mfg. Co., 45 High St., Boston.

FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE and Water Proof Blacking received the highest and only award at the Centennial Exhibition.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

To the Consumptive.—Wilbor's Compound of Cod Liver Oil and Lime, without possessing the very nauseous taste which renders the heretofore used, is endowed by the phosphate of lime with a healing property, which renders the oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy can be exhibited to those who desire to see them. For sale by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. mchal 13

MARRIAGES.

In this city, March 22, by Rev. Alexander Blaikie, D. D., Mr. George Patterson to Miss Jennie Nealey.

March 24, by Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, Charles W. Hall to Hattie H. Smith, both of Boston.

In East Weymouth, March 16, by Rev. S. L. Gracey, James H. Nickerson to Hattie L. Stevenson.

In Beverly, March 19, by Rev. Mr. Emery, Mr. Asahel S. Brown to Mrs. Lucy A. Glidden.

In Newburyport, on the 19th inst., by Rev. Horace Austin of Amesbury, to Miss Annie J. Chadbourne of Salisbury.

In Peterboro', N. H., March 1, by Rev. A. W. Jackson, Mr. Lorenzo Holt to Mrs. Martha E. Barker, all of Peterboro'.

DEATHS.

In this city, March 26, Rev. John Turner Sargent, 68 years.

In Boston Highlands, Agnes, 38 years, wife of John O'Kane.

In Worcester, March 24, at the State Lunatic Hospital, Eben W. Whitman, of Westboro', 80 yrs 2 mos 20 days.

In Cambridge, March 23, Miss Abigail Greenough, formerly of Groveland, Mass., 85 years of age.

In Jamaica Plain, March 25, Mr. Albert Bates, 65 years 8 months.

In Quincy, Mass., March 22, James Furlong, 77 years 4 months 19 days.

In Belmont, March 25, Hugh Creeley, 62 yrs 7 mos.

In Newton Centre, March 24, Henry W. Jenkins, 47 years.

In Watertown, March 23, Jennie S., wife of George Bemis.

In North Reading, Mass., March 24, Mrs. H. H. Collins, wife of J. H. Collins, 67 years.

In Grafton, March 24, Caroline, widow of Rev. Rodney G. Dennis, 84 years.

In Scituate, March 23, Ebenezer Bearce, 75 years 6 days.

In Weston, March 22, Elvira Susan, wife of Benjamin F. Cutter.

In Stoughton, March 23, Angeline C., wife of Dr. S. Tucker, 50 years.

In Fitchburg, March 25, Miss Emily Gardner, 69.

In Westford, March 26, Mary Weatherbee, widow of the late Salmon Perry, 73 years 9 months.

In Norwood, Mass., March 22, George Winslow, 76 years 3 months.

In Harvard, Mass., March 24, Joseph Swazey, 59 years 4 months 13 days.

In Marshfield, Mass., March 26, Mr. Warren W. Barker, 61 years.

In Lake Crossing, Natick, March 24, Thomas P. Greenwood, 58 years.

In Salem, March 26, Capt. John D. Symonds, 84 years 3 months 16 days.

In Concord, Mass., March 14, Miss Sarah Buttrick, 64 years 6 months.

In Millbury, March 24, Jason Emerson, 61 years.

In Auburn, March 25, Isaac Sawin, 85 years.

In Wellesley, March 26, Joseph Russell, 72 years 23 days.

In Greenwich Village, March 18, Zeba Snow, 75.

In Lexington, March 23, Mrs. Lydia M. Penney, 58 years 8 months.

In New Haven, Conn., March 19, Dr. Samuel Sherwood Noyes, aged 90 years; for nearly 70 years a practising physician.

At his residence near Woodhull, Ill., March 15, Mr. Isaac Sickner, formerly of Boston, 62 years 10 months 14 days.

BOSTON LEATHER MARKET.

The leather market has been less active, but prices show no marked downward tendency.

Rough Leather is quieter than last week, but prices are very firmly maintained. Calfskins are in only small stock, but are in very light demand. The calfskin tanners will purchase most of their stock for the season in the next few days.

We quote good to choice 10@13 pound hemlock average suitable for grain 20@27c., the outside figure suitable for oiled grain leather. Medium and heavy grades, 24@25c. Rough oak, 10@12 pound No. 1, 26@28c; heavy 28c. Calfskins of light average and ordinary quality 40@50c; sheepskins, light 12 to 15-lb skins, 25@26c; No. 2 12@17c.

Wax and Kip are very quiet, and prices are easy. Finished calfskins are in large and increasing supply.

We quote wax at 14@19½; kip, 16@18c; very choice, 21@22c; grain, 14@21c for heavy, 13@ 14c for light; pebbled 13@14c; buff 10@16; enamelled 13@14c; patent 16@20c ₰ foot; splits 28@29c ₰ lb for common, 30@35c for choice. Curried Calfskins 55@70c; common skins 45@ 90c; fancy 90c@$1 20. Sheepskins $1 80@$8 00.

Crop Sole has had but a very light business, but prices have not yet given way any.

Light crop 30@33; Damaged 24@29; Middle crop 30@33; Crop bellies 14@18; Heavy crop 31@34; Belting bellies 16@18c; Light backs 33@ 40; Hose bellies 16@18; Middle backs 32@ 35; Union bellies 17@22½; Heavy backs 34@38; Curriers' roundings 7@8½.

Hemlock Sole is steady and unchanged. Stocks are light on the Continent are on account of actual sales, and about half of the Liverpool exports are on guarantee.—*Com. Bulletin.*

BOSTON EGG MARKET.

The market is weak, and sales of Western have been made at 17c., and Eastern at 17½c., but some marks of Western are held at 17½c., and in a small way Eastern eggs have been sold at 18c ₰ doz., although this is straining the market.

BUILDING MATERIALS

Have been in very small inquiry, owing to the storm. The spring demand will be at its height during the coming fortnight.

Cement, Portland, $4 25; do. Rondout, $1 45; Brick, eastern, hard, $8 50@$9; do. Boston face, $14@17 50; Calcine Plaster, $1 65@2 25; Lime, 90; Hair No. 1, 20@22½; do. No. 2, 12@20.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

ALEXANDER H. RICE,

GOVERNOR:

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF

FASTING, HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

In trustful and devout recognition of the Divine Providence, I hereby appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, THURSDAY, the twelfth day of April next, to be observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer to Almighty God, for the forgiveness of our sins, and for his blessing in all the vicissitudes of life.

In the spirit of supplication, let the people of the Commonwealth, after the manner of their fathers, assemble on that day in their accustomed places of public worship, and ask for those heavenly gifts without which human effort is made in vain.

Let us pray for peace on earth and good will among men; that the strifes which have separated our countrymen may be hushed, and that the nation may be strengthened in unity and patriotism; that the State may be blessed in its institutions, its industries and its homes; let us seek for wisdom and honesty in government, and for uprightness, temperance and godliness among our people; for the bounties of the earth in their season; for help for the needy, comfort for the sick, and consolation for the sorrowful; for faith undoubting, for love unfeigned, and for the peace which passeth understanding.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this ninth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and first.

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...Y CATTLE MARKET.

...e do not increase values from last ...re do not think the business will ...vance in price. The frequent fluc...pression of the past two days, ...nfavorable advices from the East ..., will not warrant any advance ...dealers increase the cost of cattle ...nce of getting their money back. ...as long feeders a fair compensation, ...are willing to buy them at their ... With steady ruling markets here ...those who handle them now make ... Such has been the experience of ...ast week.

...s.—This has been a very dull ...s. The receipts by rail were only ...hat was consigned to New York, ...in from the surrounding country ... left over from last week, constl... ...e offering. Sales of a few head ...40 00@50 00, for common to fair ...00 for good to extra.

...ambs.—Early in the week New ...ook quite freely of the offerings, ...n demand was fair, particularly ...ettingfield, Hartford, New Haven, ...Lowell. Even the local trade ...ood. We quote as the present ...on to fair, 4@5½c; fair to good, ...o extra, 6@7c, and choice selec... There was not a full load of ..., and the supply, numbering 800 ...ck, came forward mixed in with ...heep. 200 found to the local trade, ...b. There were about 100 head ...received. Dealers asked 12@15c ...lb, but there were no takers, as ...e consider them good enough for ... the price asked they would cost ...essed.—*Albany Journal.*

...RE CATTLE MARKET.

...e.—Trade on Monday was very ... with prices a shade off from last ...esday (being relieved of a num... ...ttle shipped to New York,) there ...s a market, and prices recovered ...e they may have experienced are... ...s ruling at the end of last week's ...uality altogether was about equal ...ferings, the tops being a little ...common grades more numerous... ...5 @ 100 lbs. We quote common ...ows at $25 00@40 00 and dull; ...o at $45 00@55 00 @ head and la...

...ck for Beef Cattle ranged as fol... ...es at $5 37½@6 25; fair generally ...ty $4 50@5 25; medium or good ...00@4 75; ordinary thin Steers, ...$3 25@3 75; general average of ...$4 75; extreme range of prices ...ost of the sales were from $4 25 ...

...re has been some little activity ..., with a fair quality on the mar... ...e ruled lower, and the quality ...provement on the run for some ...arly all the offerings have been ...7½ @ lb net, a few extra Hogs ...er figures.

...rn continues rather light, and ...y equal, if not superior to last ... There is a slight improvement ...the market, owing to the ...receipts for several weeks past ...notably active, being only rela... during prevalence of the close. ...d to choice steers were steady. ...d to choice shipping grades at ...00 lbs; good to choice butchers' ...00, and light inlaid at $3 00@ ...armer.

...MARKET, BOSTON.

...ail Prices.

...ly for the Ploughman, for the week ending March 31.

BEEF, &c.

Holden & Sons, Nos. 49 and 51.

25	@25	Beef Tongue ...	12 @14
15	@20	Corned Beef ...	8 @14
9	@12	Dried Beef ...	20 @22
9	@14	Pigs' Feet, salt ...	3 @4

...k, Lard, &c.

...y Lee Frost & Co., No. 27.

10	@12	Smoked Shoulders	10 @12
12	@12	Smoked Ribs ...	9 @12
9	@10	Pigs' Feet ...	2 @2
9	@14	Pigs' Feet ...	11 @14

...ef and Mutton.

...y L. B. Hiwcok, Nos. 9 & 11.

20	@22	Mutton, legs ...	14 @20
20	@22	Mutton, shoulders	10 @14

...tter, Cheese, &c.

...y Chamberlin & Co., Nos. 79 & 82

		Tub ...	@22
		Extra ...	@22
		Northern ...	@17
16	@18	Factory ...	@17

...ultry, Game, &c.

...y N. Robbins, Nos. 33 & 35.

0	@20	Pigeons, wild	
0	@17	Pigeons, tame	1 25 @1 40
0	@15	Woodcock, per pair	75 @1 00
0	@20	Teal, per pair	50 @75
0	@25	Rabbits ...	25 @ ...
0	@25	Quails, each ...	25 @ ...
0	@20	Partridges ...	50 @ ...
0	@25	Venison, ½ lb ...	10 @ 20
0	@30	Venison, saddle ...	20 @ ...

...s and Vegetables.

...th, Avery & Maynard, Nos. 87 & 89.

5	@6	Potatoes, bush	1 @1 25
0	@6	Turnips, per bbl	75 @ 20
0	@6	Beets, per bbl	50 @ 75
0	@6	Onions, per bbl	2 @2 50
0	@6	White Turnips, per bbl	75 @1 00
0	@6	Carrots, per bbl	50 @ 75
0	@6	Squashes, per ...	00 @ 00
0	@6	Rutabaga, per bbl	50 @ 75
0	@6	Cabbages, per bbl	2 00 @3 00
0	@6	Cucumbers, each	10 @ 25
0	@6	Egg Plants, each	10 @ 25
0	@6	Parsnips, per bbl	1 00 @1 25
0	@6	Pickles, per gallon	00 @ 00
0	@6	Cranberries, per bbl	6 @ 7
0	@6	Cranberries, per ...	00 @ 00
0	@6	Lettuce, per head	5 @ 10
0	@6	Hubbard, ...	3 @ 4
0	@6	Marrow, ...	3 @ 4
0	@6	Cucumber, ...	3 @ 4
0	@6	Cucumber, ...	3 @ 4
0	@6	Egg Plants, ...	3 @ 4
0	@6	Parsnips, bbl ...	1 @1 25
0	@6	Pickles, per gallon	00 @ 00
0	@6	Cranberries, per bbl	6 @ 7
0	@6	Cranberries, per ...	00 @ 00
0	@6	Lettuce, per head	5 @ 10

...SEED MARKET.

...rock & Son, 61 North Market St.

0	1 25	Hung'n Grass, bush	1 00 @ 1 25
0	1 25	Millet, bush	1 00 @ 1 25
0	80	Red Top, sak.	2 50 @ 2 75
0	3 00	R. I. Bent, bu	2 50 @ 2 75
0	16½	Spring Rye, ... bush	1 20 @ 1 30
0	3 00	Wheat, Spring, ... bush	2 75 @ 3 00
0	4 00	Orch'd Grass, ... bush	2 00 @ 00

READ AND RUN.

—The wild geese have pretty much all got across the line, and the bluebirds are heard in force plentifully.

—Rev. Lewis B. Hubbard retires from the editorship of the *Vermont Farmer*.

—The Hudson River is now open from Albany to New York.

—The Wamsutta Mills operatives have unanimously voted to continue the strike.

—Several new mines have been opened in Essex county, and the excitement is increasing.

—The potato bug is making his bow in Western Connecticut.

—Yale College closed its Spring term on Wednesday.

—Seth Green refuses to put any fish in Lake Champlain, because it is partly in Vermont, and that State neglects to provide for its share of the expense.

—There has been a great mad-dog excitement in and around Newmarket, N. H.

—The Pennsylvania coal mine operators are trying to effect a reduction in the tonnage rates of railroads for coal.

—Mr. F. J. Southard, of Richmond, Me., has launched his hundredth ship, which shows how faithfully he has stuck to his business.

—Boss Tweed is to give up everything and make a clean breast of it, as the condition of obtaining his release.

—Half a million dollars in silver arrived in New York last Saturday from London.

—High tides and overflows have been the order for the week.

—The Turks have been committing more horrible outrages, which only puts them farther out of the pale of public sympathy.

—The Pope is of late subject to continued fainting fits, so that his mortal end *is* generally apprehended.

—The Prussian share in the French indemnity more than covers the deficit in the budget.

—Anna Dickinson makes her debut to a New York theatrical audience next week.

—Japan is after an American fire department for her better protection.

—The Nineteenth Century is the name of the new British Review, and it is published monthly. Some of the first men of England contribute to its pages.

—Ex-President Grant has gone West, preparatory to making the trip to Europe.

—The Prince of Wales is set down for a trip to Australia and New Zealand shortly.

—John D. Lee was shot to death last Friday as the punishment for the Mountain Meadow massacre, twenty years ago.

—Having lost the American market for her cottons, the question now is whether England is not likely to lose her own besides.

—The spectacle has recently been witnessed of two ocean steamers ashore within sight of each other on the New Jersey beach.

—Colorado promises to yield five times as much silver this year as last, and last year it amounted to seven millions of dollars worth.

—Railroad bridges are fast being put in a sounder condition than they were in before the Ashtabula disaster.

—It has seemed, back along, as if the Equinox never would be over.

—Society belles are now photographed as well as actresses, and their pictures are for sale. They ...

—The legislature of Delaware is the first one to pass a law making it a misdemeanor for engineers and other railroad employes to abandon their engines and trains elsewhere than at the regular points of destination.

—Salaries at City Hall are to be discreetly reduced with the opening of the new fiscal year.

—It is now but about a year to the opening of the World's Exhibition at Paris.

—Mr. Beecher made $15,000 by his Western lecturing tour.

—The music of Wagner has become greatly the fashion now.

—The fish trade has been especially lively during the past week.

—Kansas says she does'nt want any more lawyers unless they know how to catch grasshoppers.

—One way to reduce postage, says an exchange, is to get married.

—There are a great many people who think Brigham Young deserves to be treated as John D. Lee was.

—Dr. *Holland* asks, in view of the next baby show—"Who can tell what a baby thinks?"

—They pretend to say that if a lecture delivered in Cincinnati were to be telephoned to New York, it would reach the latter city an hour before its delivery.

—Some thousand Italians are engaged in the work of obtaining coral from the sea.

—The Old South Ball is the thing much talked about.

—The call for free soup at the station houses is greatly falling away.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad is daily carrying from five to twelve car-loads of colonists to the Black Hills and Texas.

—A Boston citizen took a sleeping car at one of our railroad depots, intending to go to New York, and at midnight woke up to find that he had not moved out of the depot.

—The public schools have a vacation of eight days, beginning with Good Friday.

—The number of tramps along the Union Pacific Road is becoming enormous.

—The weather in Omaha is warm, and grasshoppers in Nebraska are lively.

—Chicago has ten professional divorce lawyers, and one of them is a woman.

—A billion postal cards are going to be needed by the Post Office department in the next four years.

—Great pecuniary distress prevails in Belgium. Manufacturers have stopped, workmen are idle, trade is dull, and the theatres are empty. Germany is suffering from the same complaint.

—The first carpet manufactory in the United States was established at Philadelphia in 1791.

—East Boston is asking the School Board for a High School over there.

—Æmokryne, meaning wine-judge, is the name of a paper sold in Paris for testing the purity of wines. The operation is simple.

—An Armstrong breech-loading gun has been constructed in England, weighing thirty-nine tons, and the largest yet turned out in that country.

—The Turkish navy consists of 116 vessels, carrying 759 guns, and manned by 16,038 men.

—Children are pledged in marriage, in Southern India, at eight years of age.

—A powerful combination has been formed in the stock market against the Western Union Telegraph Company.

—It is still believed in New York that the missing Oakey Hall will turn up in Europe.

—Scientific men are greatly interested in the decrease of water in European rivers and their sources during the present century.

—The Missouri Senate has voted to offer a reward of $10,000 to the person who will find a cure for hog cholera.

—The first Turkish parliament is fast falling into genuine parliamentary ways.

—Gens. Beauregard and Early have gone into the lottery business in New Orleans.

—The Russian Government has give orders for the immediate construction of forty thousand iron huts, for the use of the troops.

—In London, a person is called drunk who cannot walk; in Edinburg, when he cannot speak

—Dartmouth College has given New Hampshire eight Governors.

—Somebody remarks that March hasn't left much for April to do, meaning, probably, in the way of rains.

—Victor Hugo is said to be in possession of all the manuscripts of his books.

—Whey jewelry is the last use to put milk to. It might be called the "milky whey."

—Six hundred tons of cigarettes was the smoke of France last year.

—In the city of Brooklyn there is a population of 3000 Spitz dogs.

—Missouri says cousins may marry if they want to.

—The destruction of property by floods in Eastern Connecticut is a repetition, in its way, of the frightful catastrophe in Western Massachusetts two years ago.

—The stores, including the millinery, are making ready for their opening after Easter. The new bonnets and things make their appearance then.

—Fully seven tons of pictures, stereotype plates, books, &c., have been destroyed in New York by the Society for the suppression of obscene literature.

—The war of the prints is raging with much fierceness in New York.

—William H. Vanderbilt is understood to have settled with the contestants of his father's will by doubling what they severally received under the will.

—Business is suspended in New York on Fast Day, which is Good Friday.

—California produces annually a thousand tons of honey more than it consumes at home.

—Walter Bagshot, the distinguished English writer on finance, and editor of the *London Economist*, died recently in that city. He had contributed to the *North American Review*.

—The Pope's death is expected at any hour.

—President Seelye gave his Congressional salary to fix up the Amherst sidewalks.

THE STOCK MARKET.

State Street, 3 P. M., March 29, 1877.

	OFFERED.	ASKED.
American Gold	104¼	
Boston Land Co.	4¼	5
Boston Water Power Company	4½	5
Brookline Land Company	85	—
Eastern Railroad 8, P. 7s	—	—
Boston, Hartford & Erie R. R. 7s	10½	11½
Boston & Albany Railroad	123½	124
Boston & Maine Railroad	97	—
Cincin., Sandy & Cleveland R. R.	—	—
Eastern Railroad	—	—
Metropolitan Railroad	—	—
Michigan Central Railroad	41½	41¾
Old Colony Railroad	100½	—
Rutland Railroad, preferred	—	—
Vermont & Canada Railroad	15	16

New Advertisements.

AUCTION SALE

AMES PLOW CO.'S IMMENSE STOCK OF

Farming Tools

QUINCY HALL, OVER THE MARKET, BOSTON, CONTINUED.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1877, 10 o'clock, A. M.,

Without reserve and to the highest bidder.

FARMERS AND DEALERS

Should take advantage of this opportunity to secure at less than cost of manufacture a supply of the latest and most approved Implements and Machines made and finished in the most superior manner and from best materials expressly for New England use. mch31–1t

CENTENNIAL Swivel Plow.

Superior to any other for Level Land and Hillside.

AMES PLOW COMPANY,

SOLE MAKERS,

Quincy Hall, Boston.

☞ Liberal Discounts to Dealers and Agents. Send for Circular. mh31–1t

STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

THE following list of Strawberries are well tried varieties, and all are good, either for market, or family use, and I would recommend

FOR EARLY.—*Downer*, (Downer's Prolific,) *Cutter*, (Cutter's Seedling.)

FOR MEDIUM OR MAIN CROP.—*Charles Downing, Wilson*, (Wilson's Albany Seedling,) *Lady of the Lake*.

FOR LATE.—*Triomphe de Gand*, (50 cts. per doz., $1 per fifty, $1.50 per hundred;) *Jucunda*, (50 cts. per doz., $2.00 per hundred.)

LATEST.—*Kentucky*.

Price of the *Downer, Cutter, Charles Downing, Wilson, Lady of the Lake*, and *Kentucky*, by mail, 75 cts. per fifty; by Express, $1.00 per hundred, or $10 per thousand; *trimmed* and each plant of each variety; *untrimmed* plants, $5.00 per thousand, or five thousand for $20.

Blackberry, (New Rochelle,) $1.00 per dozen, $4.00 per hundred.

Asparagus.—"Conover's Colossal," $1.00 per hundred.

Customers will please write their Name, Post-Office, County and State very plainly that there can be no mistake. Remit money in registered letters, or by Post-Office money orders on Canton, Mass. (Send for Circular.

Address all Orders and Registered Letters, to

J. J. H. GREGORY,

Strawberry Farm, Neponset Street, near Canton. mch31–1t

PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS,

$2.00 PER SITTING, CHICKS FOR SALE.

B. B. HAYWARD,

mh31-13t Easton, Mass.

Wanted,

BY A MARRIED MAN, a situation on a Farm; understands milking and the making of butter; also, the raising of all kinds of vegetables and small fruits. Can take charge of Greenhouse if desired. Address FARMER,

mch31–1t* Newton, Mass.

EAST INDIA TREE PEA.

A NEW and most valuable pea just introduced wherever introduced, and is pronounced by all who have grown it to be *superior* to any other. It is a most valuable acquisition, as it can be used *green* or *ripe*. The pea-bug never infests this pea. It will yield 100 bushels per acre. The stalk grows very branchy, like a bush or shrub, and is covered with a *mass* of pods from top to bottom, often producing over 200 pods per stem. Grows 3 feet high; *requires no sticks*. Price per packet, by mail, 20 cents; 6 packages, $1. Address J. N. BERRY,

mch31–1t Carthage, Mo.

DEAFNESS CURED.

Even in cases of long standing and apparently hopeless.

DISCHARGES FROM THE EAR,

From whatever cause, permanently healed.

CATARRH, OFFENSIVE BREATH,

Throat Affections, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., radically cured, and all diseases of the

EYE,

Whether requiring medical or surgical aid, successfully attended by

DR. A. P. LIGHTHILL,

5 Tremont Place, rear of Tremont House.

Hours from 9 till 2. jan6

25 FANCY CARDS,

all styles, with name, 10c; 25 Cardinal Red, in Gold letters, with name, 20c; 20 Fancy Scroll, 15 styles, no name, 10c, postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. mch31–1t

WHO WANTS A FARM CHEAP?

500,000 Acres

Rich Farming Lands For Sale!

The Lands of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad Company are now offered for sale at

LOW PRICES AND ON LONG TIME.

They are situated along its railroad through the Central part of the State of Michigan from the Saginaw river nearly to the Straits of Mackinaw, and contain large tracts of farming lands as good as can be found in any part of the United States, and timbered with hardwood—maple, beech, elm, oak, ash, &c., and well adapted to Grain, Stock and Fruit growing. Soil, black sandy loam and abounding in springs of the purest water. Price of

Farming Lands from $2.50 to $6 per Acre.

Send for illustrated pamphlet full of facts and figures. Address O. M. BARNES,

mch31–4t Land Commissioner, Lansing, Mich.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of LOUISE E. STEVENS, late of Cambridge, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by JOHN W. PARKER, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the Executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give publ... ...tice thereof by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven. J. H. TYLER, Register.

mch31–3t*

Farmers and Farm Laborers.

GOOD BOYS, Farmers and Farm Laborers can be had at low wages on application at the Industrial Aid Society, Chardon street, Boston.

EDW. WINSLOW,

mch24–3t Gen'l Agent.

Wanted.

BY a practical Farmer and Wife, a situation as Foreman on a Farm, Stock or Produce Farm preferred. Understands farming in all its branches, care of stock, plain gardening, etc. *Wife* is a good Dairy Woman. Good references. Address

"FARMER,"

feb24–3t* Box 94, South Natick, Mass.

Inspected Potash,

IN any quantity, for family use, manufacturing purposes, or for Fertilizing the soil. None rejected unless the Inspector's name is branded on each cask. For sale at the lowest prices.

M. P. COOK & SON,

Inspection Office, No. 109 Canal Street, Boston. mch10–8t

Onion Seed.

HAVING for years made a specialty of raising the Thoroughbred Bermuda Yellow Onion Seed, I now offer the public this seed, of last year's growth, at $1 per pound, in lots of ten pounds and upward, or at $1 25 for smaller quantities. Money to accompany order. HORACE WARD,

feb10–9t Salem, Mass.

Farms for Sale.

FOR SALE.

Valuable Farm in the Westerly part of Dover, Mass.,

Known as the FISKE FARM, containing about 90 acres of land, with the buildings thereon; pleasantly situated; the... suitably divided, with about 20 acres of woodland. Price $3,000. Inquire of the subscriber, near the Medfield depot, on the Woonsocket division of the New York & New England R. R.

Also, a good Cottage House to sell or let, near said depot. GEORGE FISKE.

Medfield, March 14th, 1877. mch17–3t*

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Valuable Farm in Milford Mass., at a Bargain.

Three miles from the centre, on Purchase Street, a 2 story Brick House, La... and sheds attached, 21 finished rooms, cemented cellar, never failing water in the House; 60 acres of good land; wood enough for home use; some timber to spare; 800 Apple trees; had 1500 bushels last year, and 1000 the year before; 100 Peach; 75 Pear trees; plenty of small fruit; cuts 25 tons of hay, mostly with machine; Barn 32x60, with cellar and sheds attached; also mill 30x36; made 15,000 gallons the past season; ice house, full of ice; lennery, corn crib and other outbuildings. Price $4000. Stock and tools will be sold with the place if desired. This estate is on the main road, in a good neighborhood, and near schools. For terms and particulars, address or apply to O. QUIMBY, on the premises.

feb24–4t

SMALL POULTRY FARM FOR A VERY LITTLE MONEY, on the Old Colony R. R., in a pleasant town 28 miles south of Boston, a snug farm of 12 acres; 40 cords of wood standing; keeps one cow; 95 pear, apple and peach trees; 250 raspberry and blackberry vines; grapes and currants; cosy Cottage of 8 rooms; stable 20x16; shed and three excellent henneries, so can profitably be kept here. Price $700, $350 cash, balance $50 a year at 6 per cent interest. Perfect title; healthy location; everything all right. This (number 3,947 on page 94) and over 1000 other country estates, including 27 poultry farms fully described in *Country Homes*, a book of 120 pages, illustrated, mailed for three 3 cent stamps, (some mailed free) or obtained free at New England Farm Agency, 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

mch24–3t GEO. H. CHAPIN.

FOR SALE.

Valuable Milk Farm near Lowell.

A Milk Farm containing forty-four acres, two miles from Lowell. Nine hundred dollars' worth of Milk were sold from the Farm during the past year. One hundred cords of wood can be cut from the wood lot. A Milk Route is attached to the Farm, sending milk to Lowell, and the business can be continued and increased to any extent desired. Lowell is a growing city of 52,000 inhabitants. The Farm is one of the best in this section of the State, and for an enterprising man, a rare opportunity is offered. The buildings are in good repair, and consist of a two story Dwelling House, Barn and the necessary outbuildings, piggery, henery, &c., &c. This is one of the most pleasantly situated Farms in Middlesex County, is near "Willow Dale," a favorite summer resort for best class of Lowell people. There is a large Woollen Mill in full operation, within a half mile of the Farm. The Farm and Milk Route will be sold cheap, and on easy terms if the buyer wishes. Price $4600 for Farm and Milk Route. Will sell on two years. Apply to C. H. FLANDERS, 90 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass., or at 83 Green St., Boston, Mass. feb17–8t*

FOR SALE.

Valuable Stock Farm in Deerfield.

One of the best in Franklin County, one mile from the south village on a level road; contains 180 acres; two of the best pastures in the State, of 60 acres each; 20 acres in wood and timber, balance in mowing and tillage; mowing and tillage level, no stone; cuts 70 tons of hay. There is a sugar orchard of 100 large trees; 150 thrifty young apple trees in bearing. House of 11 rooms, wood shed connected. Barn 44x50; two sheds, corn barn, wagon shed, hog house, hen house, ice house, sugar house, and stripping room, tobacco barn for hanging 4 acres of tobacco. The stock consists of 19 head of horned cattle, one Jersey and one Shorthorn bull, broke to yoke, two work horses, two breeding mares, two colts and stock horse, three breeding sows, and hoar; running water to the House and Barn; never fails. Price $9,500; $4,000 cash; balance to suit. Stock will be sold with the Farm if desired. Apply to A. H. MEREDY,

feb10–tf South Deerfield, Mass.

FOR SALE.

Valuable Stock Farm in Westford.

One of the best Farms in Middlesex County, formerly owned by the late Abijah Fletcher's Farm is situated in the northerly part of Westford, within one mile of the academy, schools and churches, 7 miles from Lowell, 11-2 miles from the depot of the Acton and Nashua Railroad, and within 50 rods of the depot at the Stony Brook Railroad. Said farm contains a 2-story House with L, two sheds, 2 Barns, good cellar, carriage houses, and 100 acres of excellent land, divided into English mowing, orcharding, pasturing and wood land, and is well fenced with stone wall. A never-failing spring of the best of water supplies the house and barn by a good aqueduct.

The milk is sold at the door. Cuts 40 tons of hay, 800 barrels of apples this year.

The town of Westford is one of the pleasantest and healthiest in the State. For further particulars, inquire of Wm. Fletcher, pastioner, Burlington, Mass., or LUKE FLETCHER, the proprietor, on the premises. sept28–13pl*

FOR SALE.

Splendid Chance for a Practical Farmer.

92 acres suitably divided, in excellent condition, about 12 miles from Boston, 2 miles from Walham, 1 mile from Weston depot. Good House, 8 to 10 rooms; Barn in fair order; one acre of strawberries, looking finely; 150 pear trees; 250 to 300 cords wood, ready for cutting; farming tools, wagons and carts, and a large amount of manure in cellar and on the land, can be had with the place if desired. Price $7,000; on very easy terms of payment. Apply to GEO. FLINT, Lincoln, Mass., O. P. GREENLEAF, Waltham, or G. W. TISDALE, 7 Exchange Place, Boston.

mh10–4t

Farms! Farms!

I have the largest and best variety of Farms for sale now offered in this market. Can give you a home in any part of New England at a bargain. For full and reliable description of property given by sending stamp for GRAY'S REAL ESTATE JOURNAL. All letters promptly answered. H. GRAY,

nov15–tf 25 Tremont Row, Boston.

FARM FOR SALE,

In Tiverton, Newport Co., Rhode Island.

An excellent Farm of 100 acres, residence of the late Thomas H. Borden, situated in a rarely attractive location in a pleasant village, and borders on Nonquit Pond. The land is fertile, well watered, divided into meadow, pasture and woodland; has two orchards, and is fenced with stone wall. The buildings comprise a modern two story House of 14 rooms, Barn, Sheep House, Granary, Poultry, Tool, and Wood House. The House is shaded by a tasteful variety of well-grown trees.

The Farm is five miles from the Old Colony Depot, on main road from Fall River to Seacomet. It commends itself equally to the practical farmer or to a gentleman desiring a summer residence. Price $8000. Taxes $6 per thousand.

For particulars apply to MRS. LUCY D. BORDEN, Riverton Four Corners, R. I., or JOHN BORDEN No. 33 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass. mh17–tf

FOR SALE.

Small Farm in Harvard AT AUCTION.

Will be sold at Public Auction on THURSDAY, March 29, at 9 o'clock A. M., on the premises, in the northwest part of Harvard, and half mile south of Harvard Depot, on the Worcester and Nashua R. R. The farm of the late JOSEPH S. ADAMS, containing about 25 acres, divided into tillage, pasture and pasturing, with a 14 story house, containing 6 rooms with L and shed; barn 22x30. The farm slopes to the south, and has about 50 apple trees, from which were gathered 100 barrels the last season; has currants, grapes, cherries, &c., &c. This farm is fenced with stone wall. Wood enough for home fire, will keep 4 cows in winter, and 2 in summer & a horse; it being 1 distant from Harvard Depot, 1 mile from Centre, 3 miles from Ayer Junction, which is one of the greatest R. R. Centres in this state.

For further particulars inquire of ABNER BAILNARD near the premises, or of A. A. FRANKLIN, Auctioneer, Harvard, or H. P. KIDDER, Auctioneer, Concord, Mass.

Terms $100 at sale, remainder in 10 days.

NANCY W. ADAMS.

SAM'L STAPLES, Auctioneer. mch24–2t

MARYLAND Farms for sale on great Mt. and Del. Peninsula. Comfortable climate. Fine Fruit. Send for free Catalogue to WM. S. RIDGELY, Greensborough, Md. ap1–4t

MUSIC BOOKS!

The SchooL Song Book!

FOR YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARIES AND NORMAL SCHOOLS.

By C. EVEREST, Prof. of Music in the Girls Normal School of Philadelphia. Mr. E. by his position, is well qualified to judge of the needs of the class of learners that will use this excellent book. It has, on its commodious pages, a full elementary course, and also a choice collection of two and three-part songs, by the best composers. 176 pages.

Price 60 cts., or $6.00 per doz.

Good News. (35 cts.) *Nice S. S. Song Book.* World of Song. ($2 50.) Large book of better music.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

This charming and very useful book, by L. B. URBINO, brings before us the prominent incidents in the lives of 100 composers, including most of the eminent talent of the last three centuries. Among the honorable names are those of Abel, Auber, Boieldieu, Bellini, Cimarosi, Cramer, Donizetti, Glinck, Herz, Hummel, Kreutzer, Lulli, Meyerbeer, Mozheles, Pergolese, Palestrina, Richter, Salieri, Spohr, Spontini and Stradella, and of course, those of the better known of Great Masters." Deserves a place in every library.

Price $1 75.

☞ Either book mailed, post-free, for Retail Price

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York. J. E. Ditson & Co., Successors to Lee & Walker, Phila.

mch24–2t

Horse Goods Cheap.

FOR (12) twelve dollars and Express charges, I will send to any address one good LIGHT BUGGY HARNESS, with WIRE HALTER, one LEATHER BACKED HORSE BRUSH, and one CURRYCOMB. The above are all good serviceable articles, will be sent by Express marked C. O. D. If after an examination any party should be dissatisfied with the bargain, they can have the money refunded by immediately reshipping in good order, and allowing 50 cents for packing. Address all orders to E. L. HOLT,

nov18–tf Feeding Hills, Mass.

$3 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Sent by mail. Price list free. Agents wanted. Fortunes made. Address COULTAS & CO. Chicago.

YOUR NAME PRINTED on 40 Mixed Cards for 10c. STEVENS BROS., Northford, Conn. mh17 4t

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FOR SALE.

Small Farm in Harvard AT AUCTION.

Will be sold at Public Auction on THURSDAY, March 29, at 9 o'clock A. M., on the premises, in the northwest part of Harvard, and half mile south of Harvard Depot, on the Worcester and Nashua R. R. The farm of the late JOSEPH S. ADAMS, containing about 25 acres, divided into tillage, pasture and pasturing, with a 1½ story house, containing 6 rooms with L and shed; barn 22x30. The farm slopes to the south, and has about 50 apple trees, from which were gathered 100 barrels the last season; has currants, grapes, cherries, &c., &c. This farm is fenced with stone wall. Wood enough for home fire, will keep 4 cows in winter, and 2 in summer & a horse; it being 1 distant from Harvard Depot, 1 mile from Centre, 3 miles from Ayer Junction, which is one of the greatest R. R. Centres in this state.

For further particulars inquire of ABNER BAILNARD near the premises, or of A. A. FRANKLIN, Auctioneer, Harvard, or H. P. KIDDER, Auctioneer, Concord, Mass.

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Horse Goods Cheap.

FOR (12) twelve dollars and Express charges, I will send to any address one good LIGHT BU

The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

AN EASTER SONG.

Softly the chimes of Easter fall
On the breath of the early spring,
Wafted down like angel's songs of praise,
On morning's golden wing.

In the stillness of dark Gethsemane,
Where the cold, midnight shadows lay,
Bowed down with a world's great weight of woe,
The Saviour knelt to pray.

The dew of anguish was damp on His brow,
Yet He cried, Thy will be done.
Then peace came into the troubled soul,—
For so was that victory won.

From the lonely shores of Galilee
Where He said to the waves be still,
The sacred heights of Olivet,
And Calvary's blood-stained hill,
Comes back with the voice of the vanished years,
That song of redeeming love,
When herald angels bore the glad strain,
To waiting throngs above.

The atonement is made, and morning dawns
Over a world wrapped in sin's dreary night;
The Saviour has passed the dark portals of death
Through a path of immortal light.
He has opened the gates of Paradise
For all who will enter in,
Who answer the call of His pleading voice,
Robed in garments unstained by sin.

He says to the weary tempted heart,
Come, and I will give you rest;
While the tender lamb straying far from the fold,
Is safe on His sheltering breast.
Mourn not for those who have crossed life's rough sea,—
Raise thy tearful eyes above;
He who wept by Bethany's tomb,
Can heal with the tenderest love. E. R.

Winchester, Mass.

THE TWO WORLDS.

BY ELICE HOPKINS.

Two mighty silences, two worlds unseen
Over against each other lie:
For ever boundlessly apart have been,
For ever nigh.

In one is God Himself, and angels bright
Do congregate, and spirits fair;
And, lost in depths of mystic light,
Our Dead dwell there.

All things that cannot fade, nor fall, nor die,
Voices beloved, and precious things foregone
Flout up and up, and in that silence high,
With God grow one.

No barren silence, nay, but such as over
Lips that we love its spell may fling
Where tender words like nested swallows hover,
Ere they take wing.

Sometimes from that far land there comes a breeze,
Soft airs surprise us on our way,
As dew-drops from above; then on our knees
We fall and pray.

And oft in some low crimson coast of cloud
We deem we see its far-off strand:
Our hearts, like shipwrecked sailors, cry aloud,
"The Land! the Land!"

And side by side that other world unknown,
Drenched in unbroken silence lies,
World of ourselves, where each one lives alone,
And lonely dies.

With our unuttered griefs, our joys untold,
Our multitudinous thoughts swift throng,
We dwell; one silence them and us doth fold
All our life long.

Out from those depths there comes a cry of pain.
Ah, pitifully, Lord, it calls,
"Behold the sorrows of our hearts!" and then—
A silence falls.

Nought but the narrow strip doth lie between
Of sounding surf that men call life;
Yet none can pass between those worlds unseen,
And end the strife.

Die down, die down, O thou tormented sea!
Suffer my silent world to fill
With voices from that land which cry to me,
"We love thee still."

In vain! I hear them not! but o'er my loss
Comes an apocalyptic voice,
"There shall be no more sea, and thou canst cross."
Rejoice! rejoice!

—Galaxy for April.

Ladies Department.

THE FATAL VOW.

A TALE OF THE NORTH.

Magnificent was that race of men, those war-sons of the grand old Northland, descendants of the Vikings and Berserkirs, claiming that the blood of the gods flowed fierce in their fiery veins. Yet superficial, popular histories, in their accounts of this age, include them in general terms under the common designation of "The Danes."

They replunged the nations over which they swept into semi-barbarism, reproducing in time the noblest elements of civilization.

It has been said of them by a distinguished author that they held characteristics in common with the Swede and Norwegian, while only differing in some minor points. There was "the same passion for freedom, individual and civil, the same splendid errors on the point of honor, and the thirst for fame," while they were, at the same time, wonderfully pliant and malleable in their admixture with the people they overran; unlike the stubborn Celt, who refuses to mingle, and disdains to improve.

There happened once, in these grand old heathen times, a great war between the Danes and the Saxons, and the Danish Jarl, Wainoth, son of Biorn, who had earnestly counseled it, now, in the time of imminent conflict, stood armed at the head of his people.

In height he was not greatly above many of his followers, yet there was something so splendid in his royal port, his air, and the nobility of his proportions, the breadth of his breast, that seemed meet to stay the march of an army, the strong arm, curved to support the tremendous spear, on which the vast muscles rose round and gnarled, while his throat was firm and full as a column of granite. In the prime of life, time had only set a trace on his forehead, in the deep lines that crossed its broad expanse, knit into a frown over his eyebrows, that spoke of hasty ire, and the habit of stern command.

Wainoth's face was square, his look ironlike, out of eyes that had the bright gleam of an eagle's, while the mouth, small and beautiful in outline, had an expression almost sinister in its exceeding firmness, and the jaw, vast and solid, as if bound in iron, showed a ruthless, obstinate, determined will—such a jaw as belongs to a tiger among beasts, a conqueror among men. His presence excited alike both awe and admiration.

The conflict commenced, and soon it waxed hard and hot as the passions of the combatants became fiercely excited in the almost hand-to-hand encounter.

Arrows and javelins flew in black clouds, trenchant blades met valiantly on both sides in the tense, strong hands of these giant warriors, for there were men of sinews of steel and muscles of iron in those hardy times.

But at every attack the Danes were repulsed, and had at length been driven so far back, that only by storming a steep height could they hope to save the army and country from their fierce foes, disperse the enemy, and change the ruinous, destructive flight into a decisive victory.

Wainoth conducted the charge in person, with eyes flashing, and teeth set; but in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron into the thickest of the fight; in vain was his shout in thundering tones, that rang over the field, above the sounds of carnage, those sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" and vainly streamed his own warm blood, mingled with that of the foe, in a crimson tide over his resplendent armor.

The ponderous mass gave way, and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their victory.

But again Wainoth rushed on at the head of a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted forsook him and fell back, while again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time!" shouted the Jarl. "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to all the gods in Valhalla to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth in one bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and our deliverance!"

Again they desperately renewed the attack, but again were the Danes repulsed, and the enemy sent forth shouts of victory.

Then the fierce Wainoth shouted again before the whole army, in words whose trumpet-tones rang out ominously:

"Oh, ye gods! Odin, Thor, and all your mighty company, let the Skuldah (fate) grant us victory in this charge, and I swear to devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!"

The wild warriors shuddered, but hastened to his summons once more: yet fortune was against them still—the boldest fell, the bravest fled, and the enemy held their own.

Then, in fierce despair, Wainoth rallied his scattered band, and as all that remained of the noble, gallant array gathered around him, he spoke to them with desperate menace:

"My castle and myself have I devoted to the gods for victory, and what more can I do?"

The warriors gazed fiercely at him, as they resolutely replied:

"Thou didst counsel this war, and thou hast been our ruin!"—and their clamor echoed in the crowd: "Yes, thou hast counseled war; thou has been our ruin."

Then Wainoth looked defiantly into the fierce, fixed faces around him, and, wrenching off his breastplate, tore open his bosom, imploring the mighty god of thunder and fire to pierce it with his inexorable bolt, or give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from heaven, and the squadron stood shrinking before the reckless warrior.

In overwhelming despair, Wainoth exclaimed once more:

"There remains only that which is dearest to me. Wife and child do I offer to thee, oh, thou god of armies, to give me the victory! My beautiful, beloved wife—my darling only child—with my own hand will I sacrifice to thee, great ruler in Asgard; but, I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely had the words been spoken, when clouds gathered over the combatants; and, in fearful thunderings that rolled ominously over the battle-field, Odin and Thor seemed to answer, while the Danes shouted wildly, "The gods are with us!" and, rushing forward with invincible courage, the height was carried by storm; and, with sudden shuddering, Wainoth saw the enemy flying from the field. His fatal vow had been heard and accepted.

The conquerer returned home in triumph, and in all parts of his delivered country came wives and children forth, with outstretched arms, gladly greeting their husbands and fathers.

But bitterly the noble Dane remembered what awaited him; and every smile of a devoted wife, every shout of a blooming child, pierced like a poisoned arrow to his anguished heart.

At last the conquering legion arrived before his massive old castle, and there, at the gate, Thyra, his beautiful wife, stood smiling, with her lovely daughter by the hand, while the happy, little creature bounded forward, crying eagerly, "Father, dear father!"

In a land proverbial for fair women, Thyra's beauty was marked as something marvelous, blending, as it did, the soft and the regal, the physical and spiritual, into perfect harmony. Her hair fell, like a cascade of gold, over her shoulders, half-concealing the beauty of her faultless form, which a dress of pale blue, trimmed with the white fur of the Arctic fox, fitly adorned. It was confined around the slender waist by a girdle of gold, clasped with precious stones. Her eyes, bright and soft as sapphires, were shaded by long, dark lashes, deepening their hue, at times, almost to blackness; but Walnoth could not meet their bright, loving gaze.

He looked round on his people, as if to strengthen himself, but only to meet sad faces, quivering lips, and eyelids drooping with bitter tears; for many of his warriors had heard his fearful vow.

"There would be no wassail in the castle to-night," he said, sternly, dismissing them to their homes, feeling they were happy men—he most unhappy—in their renewed union with their beloved ones.

This duty done, he rode across the bridge into the castle courtyard, sprung from his horse, threw the reins to an attendant, ordered the others to their various posts, and closing the gates with a thundering clang, secured them carefully, and placed the massive key in the broad belt that held the battle-axe at his waist.

Then the warrior was torgotten in the husband's anguish; and, clasping his beloved wife and child to his throbbing heart, he shed over them a torrent of tears.

Thyra's beautiful eyes looked up with a wild, startled expression in his face as she clung more closely to him, earnestly asking:

"What troubles you, my noble lord and husband, in this happy hour of reunion? Why do you weep?"

And the little one, with frightened gaze and paling cheek, nestled to his side, whispering:

"Oh, father, why do you weep?"

The warrior's head bowed like a royal oak before a mighty storm, his beautiful, stern lips quivered, and even the iron jaws trembled as he replied:

"Oh, Thyra! beloved of my soul, wait yet a little while, for a burden, heavy as the stone on a grave, rests on my weary heart."

There was solemn silence for a time, and then Wainoth raised his haughty hand, and spoke with unbending firmness.

We must first prepare an offering to the gods, and then I will relate everything. Come with me now to the hearth."

"Let me kindle the sacred fire," said Thyra, sweetly, "and I will quickly bring the implements for sacrifice;" while the little girl clapped her hands, and cried:

"Let me come, father—let me help you!" and bounded away with her mother.

Those words of his guileless child rang like a knell in the father's ears as he heard her repeat, "Let me come—let me help, mother!" and he stood shivering by the flaming pile, his drawn sword in his trembling hand and his wrung heart wept tears of blood as again he myself deemed the time necessary to go and come any consideration when an hour and a half was at my disposal. Besides, had such a course been necessary, he could have taken the keys and acted for me. But there was no thought of that.

I drove leisurely over, enjoying the ride much, for the mare, "Fanny," was in excellent spirits, and the air was clear and bracing.

I had delivered the dispatch, received a brief word of thanks, and was already turning homeward, when the director came himself toward the paling, calling out to me by name.

I reined up.

"There is some mistake here, Jennings," he said, with some excitement, waving the despatch. This should not have been sent to me, but to our agent." On reflection—"He knows the contents, I suppose!"

On reflection, I couldn't say, and so stated.

"Then go back to your post at once and give it to him. A special train of excursionists for Hampstead Beach will pass at 9.30. Look out for it!"

I turned leisurely and sauntered up the walk toward the house, while with a word I started the mare into a trot.

A special train at half past nine!

I drew a taut rein with my right hand, and took my watch from my pocket with my trembling left.

Nine twenty-two! Three miles of straight road—less, perhaps, a quarter of a mile of detour to the station, when I should reach the track—and the main line open to me westward for the passage out of the mail! Three miles, and eight minutes in which to accomplish it!

In my youth I had known something about horses, and that knowledge did not fail me now. I drew out the long whip—seldom used—and touched the mare quietly on the flank.

How can I describe that ride?

I have been where charger met charger in the swirl and dust of battle, and men and horses have gone down together, but in that there was fellowship—association. In this—but no words can fitly describe the fierce emotions of that solitary ride against time, where hundreds of innocent lives—all unconscious of the peril toward which they were speeding—hung trembling in the balance.

I recall now the tempest which swayed my shrinking soul, as, outwardly calm and rigidly erect, with every muscle strong as steel, I held the mare firmly up to her work, and by voice and touch, electrified the noble animal with almost human consciousness of the necessities and peril of the occasion.

Trees, houses, fences, gardens—sometimes men, staring in wild eyed astonishment—flew past in one unbroken flight. My hat was off, my hair and beard streaming in the wind; my lips compressed, save when emitting low cries of encouragement to the noble mare; and thus I reached a low rise of ground commanding a view of the line for a mile or more on either hand.

Up to this moment, from the time I had drawn taut rein and glanced at my watch, this point had been the objective goal for which I was riding.

If I could reach it before the whistle blew at the crossing below, there would be hope. If not, I shuddered at the alternative.

I recalled afterward, and many times, how a thought of my dream—a long line of switches—swept across me then!—how my eyes, for the first time, swerved from their steady gaze at my horse's head, and flashed a glance up and down the whole visible line for the coming special:

Not a sight—thank God!

Stay!—there is smoke on the horizon.

But there is no stay in the wild rush of our onward course. With as unflinching nerve as when she started, the gallant mare stretches away down the gentle declivity, while every moment the distance lessens, and the on-coming train gets larger and noisier as it nears us.

I stand up in the wagon; I urge to greater speed; I wave scarf and hand; I shout, but my voice is bevond my control. Ha! Joy unutterable! I am seen!

A whistle—the agent runs out with a red flag—two whistles! Down brakes! The train is saved, and comes to a halt not a dozen yards from the open switch. It was time.

My Time—as they say in the racing calendar—seven minutes and a half. This I confirmed afterward.)

I complete the last quarter of the detour to the station more leisurely, but am in time to receive from the arms of the agent my sleepy little girl, whom he had snatched from the shadow of that misplaced switch, where she was lying fast asleep, with her golden curls directly on the rail.

That dream again! Shall I ever be thankful enough?

I am an older man now, and have other and higher interests in railroads, but not in that line. That experience was too much for me. I left soon after, and my fortunes greatly improved.

My golden-haired little darling is now a woman, and happily married, and has a little darling of her own, just beginning to walk.

And if you would like to see the gallant mare, Fanny, that won the *Race against Time*, and an affectionate place in my remembrance evermore, come out to the orchard, and you will see her enjoying a comfortable old age, petted and caressed by the whole family. So I end as I began:

Dreams are not always true.

Nor, on the other hand, are they always false.

MY JEWELS.

BY HENRIE CAXTON.

Respectfully dedicated to the many parents whose jewels have recently been transferred from earth to Heaven.

Two of God's jewels once were mine—
Loaned, but not given;
A little while they sparkled here,
Then shone in Heaven.

I loved them with a tenderness,
My whole heart beating,
And never dreamed their earthly life
Would prove so fleeting.

Their gentle lives were twined around
My inmost being,
As day by day love's altar grew—
No shadow seeing.

Their radiance dimmed—oh, bitter hour!
My jewels were recalled
To God's bright diadem above,
And grief my heart appalled!

With flowers their forms were laid to rest
Under the velvet sod;
Jewels of earth no more are they,
Safe home with God.

My jewels are not far away,
But very near my heart;
I shall yet clasp them in these arms,
With them no more to part.

I see them when I kneel to pray,
The veil of God seems to raise;
Their angel forms in brightness clad,
Their voices sweet with praise.

Oft when at night my wearied form
Sleep's comforter denies,
Their presence o'er my throbbing brain
A Heavenly peace supplies.

Shine on, my jewels, at Heaven's Court,
On the good Shepherd's breast,
I'm climbing up the tollsome way,
To be with you at rest.

—Cape Ann Advertiser.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

WANTED, AN EDITOR.

"John, I have an idea."

"Wait till I have finished this article, my dear, and then I will hear it," said that provoking fellow, without even looking up from his paper.

Of course, when he *did* look up, I pretended not to notice, and kept on with my sewing, for it was certainly his business to ask me to tell him, now wasn't it? But instead, he calmly lighted that horrid pipe of his, aroused myself sufficiently to get up and visit my little darling's crib, of course to find her safe. I walked the floor in my stocking-feet for a while; looked at the clock, and again turned in: *to dream for the third time the same thing*; to start suddenly and broadly awake, as if the voice which roused the Tishbite Cawdor had hissed in my ear, as in his—"*Sleep no more!*"

To awake, and find the first gleam of the incoming day glowing grayly on the eastern wall.

However, a visit to all those switches—mine, and not those of the dream—a dash headforemost, into a cool, deep, running stream near, and a warm breakfast, seemed to clear whatever remained of the lingering effects of my nocturnal vision, and I felt like myself once more.

Between the passage of the down mail, which stopped, and the through express, which did not, there was an interval of an hour and a half, that was essentially my own. But that morning a despatch had come for one of the directors who lived three miles to the south of us, and, as it so happened, the agent, who was busy, requested me to take it, offering me the use of his fast mare, which stood in harness under the shed—an animal remarkable for its speed and endurance, as I ascertained thereafter.

I had been to the director's house on one or two similar occasions, and neither the agent nor myself deemed the time necessary to go and come any consideration when an hour and a half was at my disposal. Besides, had such a course been necessary, he could have taken the keys and acted for me. But there was no thought of that.

I drove leisurely over, enjoying the ride much, for the mare, "Fanny," was in excellent spirits, and the air was clear and bracing.

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A RACE AGAINST TIME.

THE SWITCH-TENDER'S STORY.

Dreams are not always true. Nor, on the other hand, are they always false—a fact within the observation, if not experience, of everybody. Of course I do not refer to daydreams, nor the fancies conjured up by a disordered stomach.

Let me transcribe a page or two of my own experience, and judge for yourself whether shadows of the impending future can be projected in dreams.

I had been stationed on the main line of the great Central Railway for something more than a year, attending to all the day and night duties at that point with such an unfailing regularity, that no thought of possible accident had ever occurred to me.

The duties were not especially arduous, but the responsibility was far greater. There was an express, day and night, both ways, for which the main line had to be always clear; a local express each way, which ran on the turnout, and waited for the through train to pass; a mail train night and morning, which had right of way; one ordinary passenger, and half a dozen, perhaps, accommodation and freight.

To see that the main line was always closed at the proper moment, that the turnout was always ready when it should be, that the branch where the local made up was open, and, in short, that everything was in condition for prompt and satisfactory working, kept me almost constantly at my post, though, as I have already said, the duties were not especially arduous.

In order to be handy to my business, I lived in a cottage close by, from the open door of which, looking eastward, I could see any coming train for a mile away, and notice whether the signals for "danger" or "safety" were in their proper positions.

One morning, just after the local had made up and gone, my wife came running to me with an alarmed face.

Our little girl was missing. She had seen her only a few minutes before the departure of the train, and had made a hasty search for her as soon as she discovered her absence. She feared she knew not what.

I calmed her with a few brief words, and, hurrying around to the station-building, began a careful examination of every possible place where I deemed it likely the child might be. (She was only five years old.) The search resulted in my finding her fast asleep on the sunny side of a pile of railroad ties, with her doll, half as large as herself, lying beside her.

That night I had a singular dream.

I thought I was in the middle of a vast plain, through which stretched, broad and clear before me, the double track of a main line. Like ours, yet unlike, for every few rods I could see open switches and danger-red signals, that gave me an agony of apprehension. As I looked again at the line, my eyes fell upon an object—a small form lying upon one of the rails. My child! With a mighty effort I awoke, turned over, and went to sleep, and dreamed the same thing again, with the addition that I seemed mounted on a winged horse, and riding for life to close the switches.

Again I awoke, bathed in perspiration, and, aroused myself sufficiently to get up and visit my little darling's crib, of course to find her safe. I walked the floor in my stocking-feet for a while; looked at the clock, and again turned in: *to dream for the third time the same thing*; to start suddenly and broadly awake, as if the voice which roused the Tishbite Cawdor had hissed in my ear, as in his—"*Sleep no more!*"

To awake, and find the first gleam of the incoming day glowing grayly on the eastern wall.

However, a visit to all those switches—mine, and not those of the dream—a dash headforemost, into a cool, deep, running stream near, and a warm breakfast, seemed to clear whatever remained of the lingering effects of my nocturnal vision, and I felt like myself once more.

Between the passage of the down mail, which stopped, and the through express, which did not, there was an interval of an hour and a half, that was essentially my own. But that morning a despatch had come for one of the directors who lived three miles to the south of us, and, as it so happened, the agent, who was busy, requested me to take it, offering me the use of his fast mare, which stood in harness under the shed—an animal remarkable for its speed and endurance, as I ascertained thereafter.

I had been to the director's house on one or two similar occasions, and neither the agent nor myself deemed the time necessary to go and come any consideration when an hour and a half was at my disposal. Besides, had such a course been necessary, he could have taken the keys and acted for me. But there was no thought of that.

I drove leisurely over, enjoying the ride much, for the mare, "Fanny," was in excellent spirits, and the air was clear and bracing.

I had delivered the dispatch, received a brief word of thanks, and was already turning homeward, when the director came himself toward the paling, calling out to me by name.

I reined up.

"There is some mistake here, Jennings," he said, with some excitement, waving the despatch. This should not have been sent to me, but to our agent." On reflection—"He knows the contents, I suppose!"

On reflection, I couldn't say, and so stated.

"Then go back to your post at once and give it to him. A special train of excursionists for Hampstead Beach will pass at 9.30. Look out for it!"

I turned leisurely and sauntered up the walk toward the house, while with a word I started the mare into a trot.

A special train at half past nine!

I drew a taut rein with my right hand, and took my watch from my pocket with my trembling left.

Nine twenty-two! Three miles of straight road—less, perhaps, a quarter of a mile of detour to the station, when I should reach the track—and the main line open to me westward for the passage out of the mail! Three miles, and eight minutes in which to accomplish it!

In my youth I had known something about horses, and that knowledge did not fail me now. I drew out the long whip—seldom used—and touched the mare quietly on the flank.

How can I describe that ride?

I have been where charger met charger in the swirl and dust of battle, and men and horses have gone down together, but in that there was fellowship—association. In this—but no words can fitly describe the fierce emotions of that solitary ride against time, where hundreds of innocent lives—all unconscious of the peril toward which they were speeding—hung trembling in the balance.

I recall now the tempest which swayed my shrinking soul, as, outwardly calm and rigidly erect, with every muscle strong as steel, I held the mare firmly up to her work, and by voice and touch, electrified the noble animal with almost human consciousness of the necessities and peril of the occasion.

Trees, houses, fences, gardens—sometimes men, staring in wild eyed astonishment—flew past in one unbroken flight. My hat was off, my hair and beard streaming in the wind; my lips compressed, save when emitting low cries of encouragement to the noble mare; and thus I reached a low rise of ground commanding a view of the line for a mile or more on either hand.

Up to this moment, from the time I had drawn taut rein and glanced at my watch, this point had been the objective goal for which I was riding.

If I could reach it before the whistle blew at the crossing below, there would be hope. If not, I shuddered at the alternative.

I recalled afterward, and many times, how a thought of my dream—a long line of switches—swept across me then!—how my eyes, for the first time, swerved from their steady gaze at my horse's head, and flashed a glance up and down the whole visible line for the coming special:

Not a sight—thank God!

Stay!—there is smoke on the horizon.

But there is no stay in the wild rush of our onward course. With as unflinching nerve as when she started, the gallant mare stretches away down the gentle declivity, while every moment the distance lessens, and the on-coming train gets larger and noisier as it nears us.

I stand up in the wagon; I urge to greater speed; I wave scarf and hand; I shout, but my voice is bevond my control. Ha! Joy unutterable! I am seen!

A whistle—the agent runs out with a red flag—two whistles! Down brakes! The train is saved, and comes to a halt not a dozen yards from the open switch. It was time.

My Time—as they say in the racing calendar—seven minutes and a half. This I confirmed afterward.)

I complete the last quarter of the detour to the station more leisurely, but am in time to receive from the arms of the agent my

GEMS FROM "DON QUIXOTE."

Beauty in a modest woman is like a fire or a sharp sword at a distance; neither doth the one burn nor the other wound those that come not too close to them.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

The absent feel and fear every ill.

Self praise depreciates.

The dead to the bier; the living to good cheer.

All women, let them be ever so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for their beauty.

Squires and knights-errant are subject to much hunger and ill-luck.

Liberality may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them.

Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.

Every one is the son of his own works.

Honey is not for the mouth of an ass.

No padlock, bolts or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.

Wit and humor belong to genius alone.

The wittiest person in a comedy is he who plays the fool.

There is no book so bad but something good may be found in it.

We are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven.

Covetousness bursts the bag.

By the streets of "By and by" one arrives at the house of "Never."

Between the "Yes" and "No" of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin.

Other men's pains are easily borne.

A bad cloak often covers a good drinker.

Don't you remember my telling you I was going to see some editors to-day?"

"Oh yes, I think I do remember something about it, so they would'nt take them, would they?"

"John, that is not the way to put it, rather, I would not leave them!"

"You may as well begin at the beginning and tell me all about it; I know you won't be happy till you do."

"Meaning, you won't be happy, till I have gratified your curiosity. Very well. In the first place I went to the Editor of the *Firefly*, he was a dear old gentleman with white hair, and I thought it a good plan to begin by telling him how long I had subscribed to his paper, and how much I liked it. But only think, John, he says he gets all the stories he wants, for nothing, and not only that, but he has a supply on hand now for the next two years. So I couldn't expect *him* to take any of mine, could I?"

"Oh, no, of course not."

"Well next?"

"I went to the Editor of the *Silver Rod*. Oh, it was such a climb to the office, but I had a nice little story, with a very good moral, which I thought would just do for a religious paper, but I'll never, *never* go there again."

"What *did* he do to you?"

"He? Why, I don't know which *he* was even. The room was full of men, and they stared at me as I went in. I said to the one nearest me (wishing I hadn't gone there, I can tell you), 'If you please, I have brought a little story—'"

"Here, Mr. Brown, speak to this lady," interrupted Bear No. 1.

So Bear No. 2 came across the room, and looked hard at me, never offering me a seat or anything! "Please, here is a little story."—

"A story! Oh, Mr. Smith!" And Bear No. 2 turned off as gruffly as anything. Bear No. 3 never even came up to me, but expected me to go across the room to *him*. You may fancy how badly I wanted to earn a few dollars, when I tell you I actually went.

"Mr. Smith, I have come to-day with this little manuscript, which I thought might be suitable for the *Silver Rod*."

"We don't take stories," growled Bear No. 3.

"But if you please, I heard you had lately started a Children's Department, and this story has a very good moral."

"We've got all we want," was all the answer I got, and then all the Bears stared at poor little me with all their might, as I escaped from their den as fast as I could. Wasn't it horrid, John?"

"I advise you not to venture there again, my dear."

"Well, after those two rebuffs, I felt quite dispirited, so, as I had had a lot of walking by that time, I went into De Lacy's, and had a nice oyster stew, and a piece of cake; only forty cents altogether; and you don't know how much better that little lunch made me feel. So then I picked up my courage, and went to the office of the *Little Patterers*. I found the Editor of it was an Editress; quite a nice lady, in such a cosy office, with pictures hanging round the walls, and she was quite ready for a chat, as she said the magazine for the month was just out, and she was taking a rest. She made me sit by the stove, and warm my feet."

"Well, but did she take one of your stories?"

"She looked one over, the only children's story I had with me, and gave me some very good advice on it, and really, John, you know it is not every one, who is brave enough and kind enough to do that."

"My! how humble we are getting at last!" John had to say.

"Well, she told me that there was hardly plot enough, and I might have some more incidents, and that I should do well to notice how children *really* talked before writing of them, and that I must not make it too childish and—"

"In fact," said John, "you have the first thing to learn about writing stories. I could have told you that before, my dear."

"You provoking fellow. But I had not finished all I was going to say. After I left her, I went to one more place, and the dear good Editor is going to print a story of mine very soon; so you see Editors are not all hard hearted, as to your little Lottie's stories."

"How much are you to get for it?"

"Oh, he will send me a paper; and then you know it will be a beginning, and it will be very nice to see myself in print, and it may lead to something better after a while."

"Oh yes; 'great oaks from little acorns spring,'" said that awful John; "I must remember that truth; and now let's go to dinner."

THE ROMAN CESARS.

The Cæsars were the masters of Rome. Their power was boundless. Neither man's strength nor woman's virtue availed against them. Splendor unparalleled surrounded them in their daily life—their palaces were as large as cities—their villas covered whole provinces—they sat on thrones of gold—they melted pearls in wantonness in their wine. Yet in the entire annals of the civilized world there is no succession of men whose lot is so little enviable as that of these rulers of the world. We do not speak of the lower empire, of the Low Cæsars, the lords of slaves and actresses. They are beyond contempt as well as envy. We look only at the imperial line living through the glorious period between Constantine and the first Cæsar. What was their fate, their length of days? Of the sixty-two emperors from Cæsar to Constantine, fifty-two were murdered, three committed suicide, two abdicated or were forced to abdicate, one was killed in a rebellion, one was drowned, one died in war, one died it is not known how, and not more than eleven out of the sixty-two died in the way of nature. Between the death of Cæsar and the accession of Constantine 310 years elapsed, giving to each Cæsar an average of five years and two months. Comparing this rate of imperial mortality against the usual term of royal lives, the waste appears most striking. The thirty-five sovereigns of England (omiting Cromwell as not affecting the return) since the conquest, have lived in the purple 787 years, an average of over twenty-two years and five months. The kings of France, from Clovis to Louis Phillippe, reigned on an average twenty years and five months. The German Emperors, from the accession of Arnuff to the accession of Francis Joseph, each reigned nineteen years and three months. Even the Czars of Russia, from Fedor to Nicholas, ruled for fourteen years and two months.

MARRIAGE.

The duties of the married state springs from a complete identification of heart and soul—from a love which, prompting self-sacrifice, suggests the necessity of mutual confidence. The wife, it is true, has nothing to do with the affairs of her husband before marriage; but when once she has accepted him it is his duty to confide so much of them to her as may enable both to trace out their future plans. Secrecy would otherwise place both in a false position; and if persisted in after marriage, the wife would soon perceive that there is something hidden, which she would brood over until doubt, suspicion, and fear would take away her peace of mind. Her open disposition would soon become tinged with her husband's secrecy, and fuel would be added to the flame if she perceived that instead of consulting her upon family matters, he relied fully on the advice of a friend, and implicitly followed it out, without asking her opinion, though she may be sufficiently clear-sighted to see that the friend, though well-intentioned, is ill measuring another by his own metre. Until conjugal confidence be established, there must be an end to happiness.

Domestic Economy.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

FOR CATARRH.—One ounce of Epsom salts, one ounce of granulated sugar, and use as snuff; save paying doctor's bills.

Orleans, March 21st, 1877. T. H.

EXCELLENT ROLLS.—Melt in one and a half pints of new milk, a quarter of a pound of butter—lard will answer, or one half the quantity each of lard and butter. Have ready two-and-a-half pounds of sifted flour, in which mix well half a tablespoonful of salt, one grated potato, which should have been boiled the day previous, that it may be perfectly cold. As soon as the milk is lukewarm, stir in it; add a tea-cupful of yeast, and knead long and well. In cool weather let it stand near the stove, that it may rise in three or four hours; then put in a cooler place an hour or two; then work in half as much more butter, incorporating it thoroughly in the dough. Form into rolls, place in a well-buttered pan, let them rise about half an hour, then bake in a quick oven.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Kneeling beside her 'mid a kneeling throng
In the dim twilight of the temple, where
The Easter buds, scent-laden, filled the air
With sweet aroma, and the solemn song,
Low chanted, floated through the holy place,
I watched the curtains of her melting eyes
Veil their soft radiance, and o'er that fair face
Stole reverent stillness, as with gentle sighs
Sins from her sinless lips were soon confessed
(Ah, tarest saint, were all sins but as thine!)
Then lifting her white forehead from its pillowed rest,
Turning her sad, sweet visage, pure with thought divine,
She murmured, bending toward me as I sat,
"Charles, Mrs. Smith yet wears her winter hat!"
—PARK BENJAMIN, JR., *in Harper's for April.*

Anecdotes.

A PLEASANTER IF NOT A BETTER JOB.—One of the Methodist ministers of this city was, a few days ago, called upon by a German and requested to conduct the funeral services over his wife, who had just died. Brother L——, with his usual urbanity, consented, of course, and the services were held with due decorum and solemnity. After the funeral was over, the forlorn widower stepped up to the minister and the following dialogue ensued:

German—"Vell, Mr. L——, how much you charge for burying my vife?"

Preacher—"Oh! I do not charge anything for attending funerals."

German (smiling significantly)—"Vell, now, this is fery kind uv you. But shtop a minute. In a few days I give you a better job than dat."

Preacher—"Why, what may that be?"

German—"Oh! fery much better job than dat. I be's going to get married again."—*Rochester Express.*

☞ The following is the verdict of a negro jury: "We, de undersigned, being a koroner's jury to sit on de body ob de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone afore us, hab been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid did on de night ob de furteenth ob November, come to def by falling from de bridge ober de riber, where we find he was subsequently drowned, and afterwards washed on de riberside, whar we spos he was froze to def."

☞ "Come, Pete," said a merchant to a gentleman of the colored perausaion, "what'll you put that load of wood into the cellar for?" "In de fuss place, my name is Peter, sir; secondly, I'se a prefeshinal carpet-cleaner and whitewasher; furdermo', I doesn't compete for such jobs, sah!"

☞ A clergyman "out west" married a couple the other day, received his fee, and sent them away, apparently satisfied; but a short time afterwards the bridegroom returned and said he had come to pay more, as the woman had turned out much better than he expected.

"VEGETINE,"

Says a Boston Physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

VEGETINE
Is the Great Blood Purifier.
VEGETINE
Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.
VEGETINE
Is recommended by Physicians and apothecaries.
VEGETINE
Has effected some marvelous cures in cases of Cancer.
VEGETINE
Cures the worst cases of Canker.
VEGETINE
Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.
VEGETINE
Will eradicate Salt Rheum from